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TIME

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A Letter from the Publisher

The chartered DC-8 out of Los Angeles was bound for a city that has been off-limits to U.S. flights since 1975: Phnom-Penh. On board were 82,000 lbs. of food and medicine and 134 lbs. of San Francisco Bureau Chief Gavin Scott. The airlift, "Operation California," was sponsored by ten American corporations and church groups. Scott, who was one of four journalists allowed to hitch a ride, thus became one of the few American newsmen in years to be given a firsthand look inside the capital of war-ravaged Cambodia. His report on that extraordinary two-day sojourn appears in this week's World section.

"The 31-hour trip in a windowless cargo plane was a little tedious," says Scott of his journey, "but in 20 years as a TIME correspondent, few stories have proved more riveting." Since the U.S. has no diplomatic relations with Cambodia, Operation California agents had to arrange their mission with the Cambodian embassy in Moscow. "Bona fides was eventually established with help from the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia," Scott explains, "but

a green light came only four days before we took off." For Scott, who had served as TIME's Saigon bureau chief from 1972 to 1974, the journey was both an exciting new adventure and an exercise in nostalgia. He revisited the magazine's old outpost at Villa No. 10 of Phnom-Penh's Samaki Hotel, where he had spent many a week monitoring the war.

There, he says, "I found a shambles of broken glass, overturned furniture and mangled typewriters." The scene stirred memories for Scott: "I recalled that on the last night of U.S. bombing in Cambodia, the windows of the old hotel were rattling as usual. Then came dawn and a welcome silence. I flew over to Bangkok, drove north to Korat Air Force Base and interviewed the kid said to have dropped the last bomb." Scott's welcome last week was not marred by the hostilities of the past. "The Cambodians were glad to see us," he says. "They were grateful for the food and medicine

that Operation California brought and anxious to demonstrate the calamitous situation in which that soft and lovely country finds itself."



Correspondent Gavin Scott outside Phnom-Penh

John A. Meyers

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Letters

Iran's Revenge

To the Editors:

The Iranian students, with the approval of Ayatullah Khomeini [Nov. 19], seem to be proving that Islam is—at least in the Iranian version—a religion that emphasizes revenge rather than forgiveness. They evidently consider revenge on one very ill man the ideal to put first in the life of their country.

Elizabeth Cubley
Cold Spring Harbor, N.Y.

The evidence is now available for all the world to see. The people of Iran have deposed a very bad regime and installed a much worse one.

Arthur J. Bellinzoni Jr.
Aurora, N.Y.



Let us surrender the Shah to the Iranian courts in exchange for deliverance of the Ayatullah Khomeini to our courts, to be tried for kidnapping.

Thomas J. Carraher
Norfolk, Neb.

When the pot boiled in Iran last winter, the scum floated to the top.

Joel Prinsell
Syracuse

If our anger toward Khomeini should cause us to try to take some kind of revenge, there is an easy way to do it. All that would be necessary is to declare our recognition of an independent Kurdistan and our readiness to supply it with all the arms it needed.

Jack J. McCubbin
Independence, Mo.

Although the Ayatullah Khomeini has publicly endorsed the blackmail tactics of the students and openly called for the Shah's execution, I believe that underneath this crowd-pleasing façade he no more wants the Shah dead than I do. Khomeini knows that as long as the Shah is alive and as long as he can continue to portray the U.S. as the "great Satan pow-

er," he has a cause around which he can rally his revolutionaries. Were the Shah dead, Khomeini would soon be forced to face the real problems of the country. No, Khomeini doesn't want the Shah executed; he needs him alive.

Robert A. Eckenrold
Johnstown, Pa.

The Shah himself is a political cancer that has spread to the U.S. He should be removed from this country as soon as possible, for the sake of this nation's health and that of the hostages.

Marco T. Sánchez
San Francisco

Why couldn't the Shah be treated in Mexico City?

Joseph W. Mosser
Rehoboth Beach, Del.

Jimmy Carter should get his omnipotent and benevolent God to talk some sense into the Ayatullah Khomeini's omnipotent and benevolent Allah.

Robert Newcomb
Muncie, Ind.

Why didn't the Iranians invade the Mexican embassy when the Shah was in Mexico? I wonder why they waited till now before taking action? Could it be that it's still faddish to trash U.S. embassies and terrorize the inhabitants?

Michael W. Bell
Hillsboro, Ore.

The Iranians say they have no quarrel with the American people, only with the U.S. Government. Has anyone told them that our Government—good or bad, weak or strong—is our people?

Elizabeth Henning, M.D.
Rockford, Ill.

Mr. America Contest

"The prize to be won ... the presidency of the U.S.," as written in your article "May the Best Man Win" [Nov. 12], very aptly describes the mad clamoring to "get into the running" going on in our nation today. It presents an aura of a Mr. America popularity contest rather than a serious search for the most qualified candidates for our highest office.

Doris N. Gage
Western Springs, Ill.

We must have gone mad to countenance the evolution of such an absurd system to elect a President. That important men like Kennedy and Baker and Brown are already devoting most of their not inconsiderable abilities to elect themselves to a presidency that begins in January 1981 is incredible. That the President, with his incalculable responsibility, must concentrate for over one-quarter of his tenure on his re-election is perilous for the nation. That millions will be spent on the campaign rather than to alleviate

the suffering in Cambodia is obscene. Yet this insane system does not guarantee the best choices, or the best President.

James P. Ransom
Honolulu

Having read your article, I am convinced that the caption above the photo of shoeless Jane Byrne endorsing Kennedy should read "Mayor with tired feet makes hasty decision."

Katie Maloney
St. Louis

I enjoyed the shoeless Jane Byrne. The picture reminded me of Adlai Stevenson with the hole in his sole. She not wanting to wear hers out, he not wanting to waste money having his repaired—my, aren't our politicians frugal?

Bob Corley
Troy, Ohio

It is so gratifying to know which side Chicago Mayor Jane ("Benedict Arnold") Byrne is on in this Democratic race for President.

Norman L. Wiken
Meckling, S. Dak.

Private Lives

Private lives should be private—for the private citizen [Nov. 12]. But we have a right to know the moral character as well as the political leanings of candidates. They are obviously not as apple pie as they seem to be, but they are human. Let us know the facts and decide for ourselves whether or not the sin is significant.

Dianne L. Elliott
St. Louis

Kennedy's "womanizing" does have relevance in that it reflects, to some extent, his perception of women.

Catherine W. Staneck
Gettysburg, Pa.

His Own Worst Enemy

Your cover picture of the Cambodian woman and child [Nov. 12] appropriately reaffirms that man is his own worst enemy. I am thankful that man has two natures, and I hope the compassionate one will win and help relieve the "wholly innocents."

Dorothy Hayden
Wollaston, Mass.

Will the world be ready and able to bear the burden of allowing the Cambodians to perish? In this day and age, when there is so much talk about planning for a future, don't you think that we should plan for the Cambodians' future too?

Kathryn G. Banks
Baltimore

The starving Cambodians are pawns of political tactics being played out by a mock government. How long must we all

Letters

endure watching this horror before the Cambodian leaders realize their "subjects" may soon be nonexistent?

Steven P. Patton
Springfield, Pa.

The Southeast Asian politicians had better listen to the experts who claim that brain damage in the young could result from not eating well and enough. Otherwise, there will be stunted students and stupid soldiers by the year 2000.

Mario Ramos Pasay-an
De Kalb, Ill.

Kübler-Ross and Death

Thanatology had been one of the most misunderstood and neglected areas of study until Elisabeth Kübler-Ross (Nov. 12) began her work. Her publications have been a boon to clergy and laity alike when confronted with the one inescapable fact of life—death. The strength, courage and understanding given to untold others cannot be erased. In this case, today's news does not negate yesterday's triumph.

Marion Sheldon
Rhineland, Wis.

I object to your casting those who attended programs conducted at the center, Shanti-Nilaya, as people who "needed to believe." Some of us brought to

the workshop great personal convictions about our Christian faith and about the needs of the dying. Have the courtesy to inform your readers that many of us experienced something quite different from sex and séance.

(The Rev.) Robert Wagener
New Orleans

The real tragedy of Kübler-Ross is that while she has taught others to accept death, apparently she can no longer accept it herself.

Walter Lonner
Van Nuys, Calif.

Missing Recession

Economist Charles L. Schultze unwittingly hit the nail on the head [Nov. 19] when he referred to the "missing recession. It's out there somewhere, but nobody can find it." Our economic "advisers," who need to justify their self-fulfilling prophecies, will surely keep on trying until they do.

Barbara J. Robbins
Old Greenwich, Conn.

A Tribute to Willie

Re your article "Willie's Farewell" [Nov. 12]: this great athlete symbolizes baseball for me and millions of Amer-

icans. I saw him chase down a fly to deep center and steal second and third in a game when he was 40 years old. No one could play like Willie Mays. So who's going to begrudge him a few bucks for having his picture taken with some gamblers?

Dave Larson
San Diego

Class A Driving Schools

I read with interest of Zachary Zzzzzzz's efforts to be the last listing in the San Francisco telephone directory [Oct. 29] I send along the first five listings from the recent Melbourne, Australia, telephone directory to illustrate the lengths some driving schools will go to for that coveted No. 1 listing.

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Angus J. McIntyre
Vancouver, B.C.

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At Science Museum, tourists inspect model bomb dropped on Nagasaki

American Scene

Los Alamos: A City Upon a Hill

Los Alamos is a majestic ivory mesa artificially painted onto the national landscape by men named Oppenheimer, Fermi, Bohr, Feynman, Kistiakowsky, Szilard and Fuchs. "At great expense, we have gathered on this mesa the largest collection of crackpots ever seen," General Leslie R. Groves told his assembled officers at the remote outpost in the New Mexico wilderness during the darkest days of World War II. "And it's your job to keep them happy."

Happy or not, the crackpots soon unleashed the Fifth Horseman of the Apocalypse, the atomic bomb. Ever since, Los Alamos, like Bethlehem in Judea, has been a place difficult to visit in a neutral frame of mind. Los Alamos is part rich, overachieving exurb beset by worldly goods and ills familiar all over the U.S., but raised to the 4th power; part lonely company town. But, above all, it is an intellectual hothouse not quite like any other.

The social fallout hangs heavy in the mountain air. A rock group came to play at the high school a few years back and was threatened with nonpayment if its members dared live up to their reputation for dropping acid. Yet even the performers were agast at the drugs being passed around by the local students. The usual tales of suburban wife swapping, alcoholism, mental illness, divorce and suicide seem intensified by isolation. Laura Fermi, widow of Physicist Enrico Fermi, once described the genesis of the town's problems: "We were too many of

a kind, too close to one another, too unavoidable even during relaxation hours."

J. Robert Oppenheimer suggested the mesa between the Jemez and Sangre de Cristo mountains as the site for "Project Y" because it was one of his favorite places to hike. When the Army came in 1943 to build the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory and develop the bomb, the only real homes were the vacated faculty houses of the exclusive Los Alamos Ranch School for Boys. Their most prized features were bathtubs. The lowly had to rough it in barracks-like apartments on "Gold Street" or in the clanging metal "Denver steels" hastily built with shower stalls only. Bachelor Klaus Fuchs was the favorite baby sitter. The Fermis won everyone's heart by living down with the showers. That did not keep the bathtub from becoming a status symbol and houses from being assigned by prestige points. To this day, "Bathtub Row" is to Los Alamos what Sutton Place is to Manhattan or Nob Hill to San Francisco.

Residents claim Los Alamos has the same joys and vicissitudes as any other smallish town. Among the obvious joys are splendid skiing, fishing, riding just minutes away. But to an outside visitor Los Alamos seems uneasy, an unnatural civic transplant of 19,500 souls, where a man is known, or unknown, by the sensitized badge he wears. Directly or indirectly, the Los Alamos Scientific Lab still employs everybody in town.

Fully half of the Lab's \$385 million appropriation is spent on weapons de-



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That's Bulova Watch Time.

American Scene

velopment, and the nocturnal thuds of high explosives testing tend to be reassuring rather than disruptive of sleep. Nuclear devices designed at the Lab end up as the heart of MIRV warheads in Minuteman missiles. The new Trident missile will carry a nuclear warhead designed at the Lab. Theoreticians and physicists specializing in thermodynamics are drilling holes into nearby sites to reach "hot rocks" that will provide geothermal power. A special reverence is held for LAMPF, the Los Alamos Meson Physics Facility. There, one of the most powerful linear proton accelerators in existence is using a particle called a pion to treat certain cancers. Because of the technique's pinpoint accuracy, it is a possible substitute for dreaded cobalt and X-ray therapy.

Absorbed as they are with chat about cyclotrons and linear accelerators, Los Alamos scientists entertain little but avuncular contempt for people who reject the inevitability of nuclear power "until their lights go out." Says a nuclear engineer in S division: "People will believe in myths until the energy and oil crisis is a reality. There was uncertainty and near panic at Three Mile Island, but people will realize it was not all that bad."

Technical excellence has been bought



Lab Psychologist Frances Menlove

Wives overeducated for how they live.

at a social price. The remoteness and boredom frustrate the wives who accompanied their husbands up the hill. "They're overeducated for the kind of life they lead," says Lab Staff Psychologist Frances Menlove. The sense of hush-hush urgency that still dominates the work of the Lab spills over into the social life. Gossip rains down like radioactive dust. Status symbols are precise and demanding, though in Los Alamos as in places like Cambridge, Mass., class is projected through such things as battered cars and withered clothes. Nuclear families here "are headed by a father who never had a stray thought, uncertainty or doubt," explains Father Ronald L. Bruckner, pastor of Immaculate Heart of Mary Roman Catholic Church. "These are self-made men who, if they had a doubt, also had a standard deviation formula to solve it."

"Once these guys become expert scientists," gripes a school administrator, "they also become instant theologians, politicians, writers and city planners." They apply highly theoretical formulas to civic problems and arrogantly demand results. At the county headquarters each winter, when snow threatens, there is a learned controversy, sometimes complete with flow charts and probability curves, over the proper way to salt the perilous roads running down into the canyons.

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American Scene

Sophisticated debate also rages over whether to enact a cat-leash ordinance. George Welles, editor of the tiny Los Alamos *Monitor*, routinely gets letters correcting spelling and punctuation errors.

Since the use of alcohol often grows from both boredom and tension, it is not surprising that Los Alamos buys as much liquor each year as an average town of twice its size. Says Charles King, former director of the Los Alamos Council on Alcoholism: "The people here refuse to admit they can lose control, and that leads them to deny they have to drink. Once they admit they have a problem, they use the same systems analysis as on the job to lick it faster. But we have one of the worst closet drinking problems in the country."

It exists mostly among bored wives, quite a few of whom hold doctoral degrees. There are more than 250 clubs and associations designed to liven up the leaden hours of the day. "But," says King, "their self-esteem is zero. They don't want to be a hindrance to their husbands. Wives never knock the Lab. There is reverence for the Lab. It is never the bad guy."

Like women in any affluent suburb, the women resort to real estate selling, bank clerking, helping out in the school libraries. Says Marjorie Bell Chambers, member of President Carter's Advisory Committee for Women, who flies in and out of Los Alamos, where her husband is a physicist: "We have our stitch and bitch clubs, but our women get terribly upset about the lack of jobs."

Children are subjected to enormous pressure. They are bright, aggressive, tense, patronizing. Teen-agers laugh at openly intellectual classmates, called coneheads, who carry calculators on their belts, and at the "stomps," fraternity types who go about in cowboy boots. "Loadies" drink and smoke things, and any mixing with the Indians or "low ride" Mexicans down in the valley is slumming. "We are prejudiced against everybody," snarls one high school girl. "We are rich and white." Frances Mueller first realized the effects of this rarefied atmosphere when her children came back from college and whined, "Gee, Mom, you didn't tell us about poverty." History Teacher Betty Aiello once asked on a test, "What does World War II mean to you?" Two of the answers came back: "Nothing."

Teachers take up where parental frowns at a C grade leave off. Names of students accepted to college are published on the chalkboard—for all to see constantly. "If the children are abused at all," says Father Bruckner, "the abuse is psychological and emotional." One student, he recalls, requested that a class be given on "how I can have a real friend." A supercharged college-bound boy shocked his demanding father by announcing that if he had to live his life over again, he would like to try it as a Teddy bear—so he could be hugged.

—Joseph Kane

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TIME DEC. 10, 1979

COVER STORIES

The Storm over the Shah

When Mexico will not take him back, a painful search for asylum begins



From its earliest beginnings, the U.S. has been a haven for refugees. But never has the country paid a higher price for this tradition than it has for allowing in the deposed Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi for treatment of his gallstones and cancer. For nearly a month, 50 Americans have been held hostage in Tehran under threat of execution by the revolutionary regime of the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, who demands the Shah's return.

The confrontation between President Carter and the fanatical Imam has caused a wave of anti-Americanism in the Muslim world, threatened the balance of forces in the Middle East and disrupted the world's oil and financial markets. All in all, it has been the most serious international crisis for the U.S. since Viet Nam.

There was thus a palpable sense of relief in Washington last week when the Shah's doctors reported that his medical treatment was completed and he would be able to return to exile at his walled estate in Cuernavaca, about 50 miles south of Mexico City. For better or for worse, his exit from the U.S. would mark a new turning point in the stalemate with Iran. Some American officials saw his departure as a first step toward a settlement; others predicted that it might provoke the Iranians to carry out their threat to put the American hostages on trial. Then, Mexican Foreign Secretary Jorge Castañeda abruptly announced that the Shah would not be allowed to settle in Mexico. It was a stunning turnabout. Only two weeks earlier, Castañeda had promised that the Shah would receive "a pleasant welcome" in Mexico.

Early Sunday morning the Shah left the hospital and was driven to New York's La Guardia airport. Accompanied by his wife, he boarded a U.S. Air Force DC-9, which flew directly to Kelly Air Force Base outside San Antonio. The Shah entered Wilford Hall hospital at nearby Lackland Air Force Base for what an Administration spokesman called "a period of recuperation under medical supervision." The White House, which had worked out the details of the transfer Saturday night, said that it would continue to

assist the Shah in finding a permanent residence. He had very few choices. His old friend Anwar Sadat had invited him to stay in Egypt, as he had when the Shah was first ousted from Iran. But it was most unlikely that he would go to Egypt, partly because Sadat, already much criticized in the Muslim world for signing a peace treaty with Israel, might prove vulnerable to pressures from Iran.

No matter where he went, the Shah

never to yield to blackmail. His stand has won him the strongest support among Americans since he became President. For four weeks, the U.S. has experienced an outpouring of patriotism it has not seen in years. Americans deluged the White House with endorsements of Carter's policy toward Iran. Across the country, people rang church bells and wore white arm-bands to show sympathy for the hostages. This sense of patriotism reached even col-

lege campuses that not long ago seethed with unrest against some U.S. foreign policies.

All week, the efforts toward achieving a diplomatic solution focused on the U.N. At the private urging of the U.S., Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim asked the Security Council to meet as soon as possible for its first formal debate on the situation in Tehran. The Council met on Tuesday and then adjourned until Saturday, so that Iranian representatives could fly to New York to present their country's position. But then Khomeini balked. He condemned the session as having been "dictated in advance by the U.S.," and Iran's Revolutionary Council voted to boycott the debate. The U.N. went ahead anyway, and in an extraordinary Saturday night session, speaker after speaker—including those from the Soviet Union and a number of African nations—denounced Iran for holding the Americans. When the debate ends this week, the Council is expected to approve a resolution calling formally for the release of the hostages. Some Council members also wanted the resolution to refer to the Iranian complaints against the U.S.

Khomeini, refusing all talk of compromise, made repeated broadcasts from the holy city of Qum, whipping his followers into a mass



Flagellants marching in a religious procession in Tehran
"U.S. doesn't seem to realize that it is fighting God."

would still be at the center of the storm between the U.S. and Iran over the hostages in the captured U.S. embassy. That storm grew more menacing at week's end. First, Iranian militants produced what they declared was "proof" of spying by embassy personnel. Then, after learning of the Shah's flight to Texas, the students announced that the hostages would be put on trial "immediately" if he left the U.S.

In response to Khomeini's demand for the Shah, Carter, in a forceful performance during a nationally televised press conference last week, renewed his vow

frenzy that culminated in two vast outpourings of support. The first was on Friday, which to Iran's Shi'ite Muslims was Ashura, the holiest day of the year (and the anniversary of the demonstrations that led to the Shah's downfall). The second was on Sunday, when Iranians were to vote on a new constitution that would make Khomeini in effect dictator of the country. With the Imam flatly declaring that it was every Iranian's religious duty to vote for the charter, the outcome of the referendum was a foregone conclusion.



The Shah was looking for a refuge
No longer welcome in Mexico.

Even before that vote, however, Khomeini made it clear once again who was in charge. The victim this time was Foreign Minister Abol Hassan Bani-sadr, the bushy-mustached economist who had been in office just 18 days, and who had seemed to be relatively moderate, or at least flexible. He had tried to attend the U.N. debate. Said he: "We want to demonstrate how the U.S. ruled our nation during the Shah's regime." Despite such rhetoric, U.S. officials hoped that private talks in New York might make some progress. Bani-sadr also opposed any trial of the U.S. hostages. He told a delegation of Western ambassadors that he would "do what I can to prevent it." (His chief accomplishment as minister, in fact, had been the release of 13 blacks and women from the captured embassy.) Last week he joined his colleagues on the Rev-

olutionary Council in Qum for their regular weekly meeting with Khomeini. Soon afterward, Bani-sadr lost his job.

He remains as Iran's Minister for Finance and Economics, but the new Foreign Minister and the new power in Khomeini's government is Sadegh Ghotbzadeh, who appears to be strongly anti-American. His hostility to the U.S. apparently dates from the 1960s, when he was expelled twice, or so he claims. (Though already in his 30s, he was a student at Georgetown University for five years.)

Ghotbzadeh's political views are basically socialist. On his office wall hangs a poster celebrating the Mujahedin-e Khalq, an Islamic leftist group that probably forms the backbone of the militants who seized the U.S. embassy. But he is also aligned with the conservative mul-

Some Western analysts have suspected him of Communist ties. But when the French weekly *L'Express* reported that he had "long served in Paris as liaison between the French Communist Party and the Iranian Communist Party," he replied that he had "always been against the Communist movement in Iran" and always refused to have "the least contact" with the party.

Though the new Foreign Minister's views may be somewhat murky, he is notable chiefly for his loyalty to Khomeini. After becoming Foreign Minister he promptly declared, "Our foreign policies are those defined by the Imam, and we will continue them carefully and firmly." And again: "I have known the Imam for 16 years. I think I know his thoughts and intend to carry them out."

As director of state television, a job he retains, Ghotbzadeh played most entertainment shows with long readings



The President was holding firm
No regrets and no apologies.

from the Koran, interspersed with films of street demonstrations in support of the Ayatullah. His maxim: "We have the ideology to distinguish right from wrong, and we should not hesitate to tell misguided people, here and abroad, what is wrong with them."

Still, no matter how intransigent Ghotbzadeh's rhetoric, his problem is the same one faced by Bani-sadr: the great gulf between Khomeini's determination to get the Shah and Jimmy Carter's refusal to hand him over. Moreover, Ghotbzadeh's task is complicated by the absence now of almost any moderating force in the country that could help build diplomatic bridges between Tehran and Washington. To stay out of trouble with the all-powerful Khomeini, most of the moderates are lying low. Asked three times at a news conference about the National Front, which

Townpeople in Seaside Heights, N.J., like Americans across the country, turned out for a patriotic rally against Iran



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The U.N. Security Council holding its first public meeting on the crisis

for a time was Iran's leading moderate force, Ghotbzadeh asked with a sneer, "Does it exist?" He also warned that even if the Shah left the U.S., the hostages "definitely would not be released immediately." He refused to explain just what he meant by "immediately."

Khomeini seems convinced that prolonging the crisis works to his advantage. Said a Western diplomat in Tehran: "He literally believes that he is forcing the U.S. to its knees, and at the same time rallying Islamic countries for an unprecedented reawakening. To achieve these objectives, the Imam is willing to practice the most brazen form of brinkmanship."

Throughout the week, Khomeini issued a series of inflammatory proclamations, beginning with a call for Iranian youths to mobilize for war. "Prepare yourselves," he declared. "Get military training, give military training." He vowed

that any U.S. invasion would be met by an army of 20 million defenders. The Revolutionary Guards immediately announced plans to give teen-agers military training. Nightly on television an instructor showed how to take apart and reassemble a semiautomatic rifle.

Next day, Khomeini called on militant students to protest the Security Council meeting. In response, tens of thousands of young people demonstrated outside the U.S. embassy. They included the black-belt warriors of the Tehran Karate Club, who carried carnations and daffodils. From inside the compound, the militants issued a statement: "The U.S. doesn't seem to realize that it is fighting God."

Khomeini heightened his almost rabid attack on Carter, accusing him of greed, warmongering and hypocrisy for "preparing to wage war and threatening countless lives for the sake of another term

in the White House." Said Khomeini: "We appeal to all religious denominations—Christians, Jews, Zoroastrians—to support our just cause. It is blasphemy to think that Jesus Christ would have sided with the Shah and Carter." Unsuccessful in getting his hands on the Shah, Khomeini declared that he wanted to put Carter on trial too.

The frenzy reached a climax at sundown Thursday, the eve of the tenth and most important day of the month of mourning and penance that begins the Muslim year. The ten days commemorate the death of the 7th century Imam Hussein, a grandson of Muhammad, who was beheaded by Muslim rivals. The last day, Ashura, is traditionally observed throughout the country by mass marches of wailing penitents, which last year turned into huge demonstrations against the Shah.

The mullahs took care to keep the crowds under control, lest they charge the embassy in their delirium. Radio announcers advised the faithful to stay away from the U.S. embassy. Militant students barricaded its gates and warned that the grounds were mined for protection against a threatened invasion by "filthy American agents" using Shi'ite marchers as shields.

Hundreds of thousands of men paraded through Tehran's streets in the chill drizzle, reciting verses from the Koran and flailing at their backs with *zanjirs*, which are small iron chains. Most marchers wore light shirts that were torn and bloodied with each blow, struck to the rhythm of muffled drums.

They were forbidden by the mullahs from another Ashura ritual: slicing their shaved heads with scimitars. The mullahs feared that the rite would be "misunderstood" by Americans as evidence of a barbaric culture. Many marchers wore *kafans*, white burial shrouds that signified their willingness to become martyrs. Some of them carried placards: WE WILL SINK THE U.S. NAVY IN BLOOD AND IF AMERICA ATTACKS, WE WILL FIGHT TO THE DEATH. On Friday, several hundred thousand Iranians surrounded the embassy, but dispersed peacefully after six hours of prayers.

In Washington, Jimmy Carter responded to Khomeini's sharpening of the war of nerves with a series of escalated warnings of his own. To focus most of his attention on the crisis, the President canceled two political trips: one a quickie visit to the Northwest, the other a four-day cross-country swing. He also scaled down his plans for his formal announcement of candidacy this week. Instead of the extravaganza originally planned, he will probably make a low-key speech from the Oval Office, then briefly drop by a fundraising dinner in Washington.

To keep Americans' tempers from fraying further, and to demonstrate to the world that the U.S. public was solidly behind him, Carter last week made a consid-



Ghotbzadeh consulting with Khomeini in the holy city of Qum

"We should not hesitate to tell misguided people what is wrong with them."

erable display of firmness. At breakfast Tuesday with congressional leaders, he declared that the U.S. was interested in a peaceful solution—but not at any price. According to Louisiana Senator Bennett Johnston, Carter told them that “the honor of the country comes first, before the lives of the hostages.” Johnston reported that Carter then warned darkly: “Simply by releasing the hostages the slate is not wiped clean.” Some participants interpreted this as a threat of military action, but White House aides denied it. Said one: “The President was merely stating the obvious. Any fool knows that an incident like this will affect relationships after the hostages are released.”

At midweek, Carter decided to speak directly to the American people by holding his first news conference since the Tehran embassy was seized. Because the 30-min. appearance before reporters and TV cameras in the East Room was a calculated risk, he prepared himself with special care. He spent a whole afternoon reviewing the fine points of U.S. policy on Iran with National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski and Secretary of State Vance and fielding practice questions—about 25 in all—thrown at him by aides. Former Imagemaker Jerry Rafshoon rehearsed Carter on the brief speech that would open the news conference.

The result was one of Carter's best performances. His unsmiling face looked pale without the makeup he usually wears before TV cameras, his eyelids sagged with fatigue and his hands gripped the lectern tightly. But he spoke in determined and sometimes angry tones, projecting with considerable success the sense of leadership that he has often seemed to lack.

The President sternly accused Iran of violating standards of human behavior and international law in holding the hostages and warned of “grave consequences” if any are harmed. He vowed that the U.S. “will never yield to blackmail or international terrorism.” Said he: “There are some conditions, prices, for the hostages that this country will not pay.” Responding to a question about the debate that has already begun over whether he should have allowed the Shah to enter the U.S. in the first place, Carter stoutly declared that he had “no regrets and no apologies.”

The President reserved his bitterest tones for the condition of the hostages, who he said were “bound and abused and threatened,” despite Iran's assurances of good treatment. In private, Carter used even stronger language.* He complained

*His mother used stronger language yet. Said Lillian Carter of Khomeini: “If I had a million dollars to spare, I’d look for someone to kill him.” Her audience at a New Hampshire men's club cheered.



Muslims wearing symbolic shrouds, marching through Tehran

to a delegation of New England Democrats that the Iranian militants were brainwashing the hostages by isolating them from each other and telling them that they had been abandoned by the U.S. The President said that the hostages have not been allowed to bathe or change their clothes, that some have been punished for speaking and that others have been threatened at pistol point. Said Carter: “This is a reprehensible thing, a disgrace to every person who believes in civilization or decency.” At the State Depart-



Iranian burning a photo of the Shah

“We will sink the U.S. Navy in blood.”

ment, officials issued a statement demanding that Iran permit a neutral observer to check on the hostages. Hodding Carter, the department's spokesman, told reporters: “All the hostages have not been seen, and we have no way of knowing the condition of those people.”

According to aides, Carter is also angered by the duplicity of the Iranian militants at the embassy in pretending, as one aide put it, “that they are just a bunch of philosophy majors acting for reasons of conscience.” Although the majority of the militants do appear to be students, Washington officials insist that the leaders are veteran leftists in their 30s and 40s, many of whom were trained in guerrilla tactics by Palestinian groups.

At his press conference, Carter replied to Khomeini's call for a holy war against the U.S. by insisting that the American quarrel was not with Islam but with the “misguided actions of a few people in Iran.” For safety's sake, however, the U.S. ordered that nonessential embassy personnel and dependents be evacuated from eleven

Muslim countries, which have become jittery because of the Ayatollah's calls to action and because of the approach of the aircraft carriers *Kitty Hawk* and *Midway* to the Persian Gulf.

All week, Washington was awash in speculation that the President would soon take military action against Iran. But U.S. policymakers insisted that the rumors were untrue. General David Jones, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, repeatedly counseled caution; so, too, did the normally hawkish Brzezinski. Said a high Administration official: “Nobody but nobody believes the hostages can be saved with an air strike.”

Thus the operative phrase in Carter's press conference was his vow to pursue a “peaceful solution.” Accordingly, the U.S. filed suit against Iran in the International Court of Justice at The Hague, asking that Tehran be ordered to free the hostages and return the embassy to U.S. control. The court can adjudicate disputes between nations under a 1961 convention that was signed by both the U.S. and Iran. Court President Sir Humphrey Waldoock summoned the 15 judges to a hearing next Monday. He also asked Iran to send a representative. Nonetheless, the suit was largely a symbolic gesture. The court is traditionally cautious and may decide not to intervene in the Iranian crisis. Even if the U.S. were to win a favorable ruling, the court would have no way of enforcing it other than by appealing to world opinion, for which Khomeini and his followers have already demonstrated little respect.



Formal portrait of the King of Kings and Light of the Aryans taken in 1975



The Peacock Throne of Iran



The bejeweled royal crown



With Empress Farah Diba at coronation in 1967



Enjoying his military machine, the ruler reviews troops on horseback in 1977



A lover of speed sports, the Shah skis in Switzerland

"Nobody Influences Me!"

Seven Presidents praised him; now he's condemned. How bad was he?



He once was a rather shy and indecisive young princeling, installed on his throne by the foreigners who had forced his humbly born father to abdicate. He became an enormously wealthy monarch, Shah of Iran, King of Kings, Light of the Aryans, who dreamed of creating an economic and military superpower that would recall the Persian Empire of Cyrus the Great. He developed an imperial ego to match his vision, placing his crown on his own head like Napoleon, dismissing all opposition as "the blah-blahs of armchair critics" and boasting that "nobody influences me, nobody!"

Today Mohammed Reza Pahlavi is a man of 60, battling cancer, unwelcome in most countries of the world, and bearing a price on his head (an all-expenses-paid pilgrimage to Mecca, offered by the revolutionaries who overthrew him to anyone who succeeds in killing him). Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini and his aides are filling the air with tirades against the Shah as a "U.S. puppet," a Hitlerian "criminal" who tortured and killed hundreds of thousands of his subjects, a thief who looted Iran of untold billions. At the other extreme, the Shah's defenders cite the praises heaped on him by seven U.S. Presidents, beginning with Harry Truman, who lauded the Shah's "courage and farsightedness," and ending with Jimmy Carter, who told the Shah in 1977, "Iran is an island of stability in one of the more troubled areas of the world. This is a great tribute to you, Your Majesty, and to your leadership and to the respect, admiration and love which your people give to you."

The truth about the Shah is far more complex. He was indeed a staunch U.S. ally, restored to his throne by a CIA-organized military coup after a six-day exile in 1953. Yet he damaged the U.S. economy by leading a quadrupling of world oil prices in 1973-74, something that no mere puppet would ever dare do. He was a despot whose secret police did use torture, as he once admitted to TIME, and who eventually earned the passionate hatred of his people. But his repressions were hardly on the same scale as those of this century's worst tyrants. Probably the

Shah's greatest failing was a megalomania that led him to think he could haul Iran from the camel age to the heights of industrial and military technological power in one lifetime, while retaining the political structure of an absolute feudal monarchy.

Such imperial hauteur contrasted powerfully with the Shah's beginnings. Though he took great pains to present his reign as a continuation and fulfillment of 2,500 years of Persian monarchy, his dynasty had not even been founded when

trembled just to look at him." Though the Shah often said that he was raised with kindness, some associates suspected that his later imperiousness masked a basic insecurity caused by his father and by some of his own early experiences. Sent to study in Switzerland, the Shah-to-be once walked into the school lounge and proclaimed, "When I enter a room, everybody rises"; his classmates merely looked at each other in amazement. At the start of World War II, Reza Shah declared neutrality, but the British suspected him of pro-Nazi sympathies. In 1941, Britain and the U.S.S.R. jointly occupied Iran (an ancient name for Persia that Reza Shah restored in 1935) to secure a land bridge between their armies. The British sent the King off to South Africa and installed his son, then 21, on the throne.



Torture machine used by SAVAK to pull out fingernails of victims
As an absolute monarch, the Shah cannot escape responsibility.

he was born on Oct. 26, 1919. His father, Reza Khan, was a soldier's son who did not learn to read and write until he was an adult. Reza Khan started as a non-commissioned officer in the Persian army, rose to colonel, and in 1921 led a military revolt that finally ousted the last Shah of the Qajar dynasty in 1925. Even before he had seized the bejeweled Peacock Throne* for himself, he chose Pahlavi, one of the ancient languages of Persia, as his dynastic name.

Reza Shah was a stern figure of whom his son once wrote, "Strong men often *Differing legends say that the original jewel-encrusted throne was lowered from heaven or made by a hired jeweler from Germany. At any rate it stood in the Great Mogul Palace in Delhi, India, and was brought to Persia by a conquering Shah in the 18th century. The throne on which Mohammed Reza Pahlavi sat is a copy made during the reign of Fath Ali Shah (1798-1834) and named after one of his favorites, Tavous Khanum, or Lady Peacock.

In the early days of his 37-year reign, the Shah acquired a reputation as a playboy fond of women, card games and any amusement involving speed—flying a plane, driving racing cars, skiing. With American backing, he sent troops in 1946 to the province of Azerbaijan to throw out a pro-Soviet regime that had been set up by the withdrawing Soviet army. But in 1953, when Premier Mohammed Mossadegh, who had nationalized Iran's British-run oil wells, stirred the Tehran crowds to a frenzy, the Shah fled. In Rome, where he had stopped for some shopping on the Via Veneto, he received news that a coup organized by the CIA had deposed Mossadegh and made it safe for him to return.

The chastened Shah thereafter became a far stronger ruler. By 1960 he had launched what he called a "White [i.e., non-Red] Revolution" to distribute land to the peasants. According to government figures, 20 million acres were eventually distributed to 2.3 million families, though critics charged that only relatively well-off peasants, not the poorest ones, benefited. The Shah also began educational programs that reduced the illiteracy rate among Iran's 35 million people from 95% at the beginning of his reign to around 60% toward the end. His father had freed women from having to wear the veil and opened the universities to them; the Shah gave them the vote and the right to divorce their husbands. In the late 1970s some 38% of the students

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in Iran's universities were women.

That might seem strange, since the Shah, though he married three times,* had no great regard for women. In 1973 he exploded at Italian Journalist Oriana Fallaci: "Does it seem right to you that a King, that an Emperor of Persia, should waste time talking about such things—talking about wives, women? Women are important in a man's life only if they're beautiful and keep their femininity. You're equal in the eyes of the law but not, excuse my saying so, in ability."

The Shah's goal, however, was to make Iran a modern, Westernized state, and if that meant equal rights for women, so be it. He aimed to make Iran one of the world's five great powers, along with the U.S., the Soviet Union, France and Japan. The idea might have seemed laughable initially but, as Western demand for oil kept climbing, the Shah's ambitions began to look more plausible. The Shah, whose country pumped 7% of the non-Communist world's oil imports, led the way in the first huge price increase, from \$3 to \$12 per bbl. between 1973 and 1974 and, though he aided the West by refusing to join the Arab oil embargo, he also kept urging OPEC to go on increasing its prices.

The Shah's oil revenues soared from just over \$1 billion a year at the beginning of the decade to \$21 billion by the late 1970s. That enabled him to buy nuclear reactors from France and Germany, steel mills from the Soviet Union, telecommunications systems from the U.S. In the mid-'70s, the growth rate of the Iranian economy shot up to an unbelievable 41% per year. The Shah further set out to build one of the world's foremost military machines, and in the last 20 years of his reign spent a cool \$36 billion on arms—Chieftain tanks from Britain, sophisticated F-14 fighter planes and Hawk and Phoenix missiles from the U.S. By the time the Khomeini revolution broke out, the Shah had placed orders that would have given Iran a 1980 supersonic fighter force larger than that of any Western country except the U.S.

While the Shah's military machine frightened some Arab neighbors, the U.S. looked on it as a bulwark against the spread of Soviet influence in the Middle East. And President Nixon gave the Shah carte blanche to buy all the American weapons he desired.

Although formal U.S. aid to Iran ended in 1967, the ties between Washington

and Tehran continued to tighten. The U.S. gave its blessing to extensive American business investment in Iran: in its heyday the list of major U.S. corporations with operations in Iran looked like a not-too-abridged version of the FORTUNE 500. A sizable army of American technicians—engineers, teachers, military men on training missions—moved into the country. President Carter in his press conference last week asserted that in the Shah's last days no fewer than 70,000 Americans were in Iran. Considerable traffic flowed the other way, too: Washington ended the last training programs for Iranian jet pilots in the U.S. only two weeks ago.

The general attitude in Washington was that, although the Shah could be a most stubborn and inconvenient ally (former Secretary of the Treasury William Simon once called him "a nut"), he was



Broadcasting to people after an assassination attempt in 1949

Associates thought imperial hauteur masked basic insecurity.

on the whole a force for stability and moderation in the Middle East. In return for all the American help, the Shah did give a valuable assist to the U.S. in strategic, though hardly in economic, policy. Among other things, he set up electronic listening posts close to the Soviet border from which the CIA could monitor Soviet missile tests.

In retrospect, it is easy to see that the Shah's oil money was buying trouble as well as power. His army could not protect him from the discontent of his own people, and the boom-town nature of Iran's economic growth nourished that discontent. Glittering apartment houses rose in the big cities, but 63,000 of Iran's 66,000 villages still have no piped water. Tehran, a city of around 5 million, boasts traffic jams rivaling those of Tokyo, but it has no sewer system. Inflation soared as high as 50% a year. So many rural residents left the land to seek industrial jobs in the cities that well-cultivated farm land reverted to desert and Iran, long self-sufficient in agricultural production, had to import much of its food.

Though the Shah proclaimed himself a pious Muslim who in his youth had experienced mystic visions of God, his Westernization of the country deeply offended the mullahs: they became a kind of network of resistance. The clergymen were displaced initially by the land reform, which broke up some of their own properties. They resented the Shah's centralization of power, which diminished their traditional role in guiding the society. Modernization brought such appurtenances as gambling casinos and discotheques, abominations to the mullahs and many of their followers, and Western-style apartment buildings that were despised by many of their tenants, whose traditions called for an architectural style emphasizing privacy and seclusion.

Industrialization and education created a huge new middle class, estimated by U.S. Iranian Expert James Bill to constitute 25% of the population. The Shah thought that gratitude for material prosperity would make this new class a bulwark of his regime. He was wrong: members of the middle class eventually helped the Islamic clergy lead the demonstrations that toppled him. The middle class was angered by the lack of political rights and by the corruption and inefficiency of a government system in which top jobs were awarded on the basis of loyalty to the Shah rather than ability.

The Shah sent hundreds of thousands of middle-class youths abroad for government-paid study—an enlightened policy, and also a handy way of getting potential dissidents out of the country for a while. But the result was a severe brain drain that aggravated social imbalances. For example, so few medically trained Iranians returned to their country to practice that in 1974 the nation had only one doctor for each 3,300 patients, a worse ratio than in neighboring, and much poorer, Syria. To replace the students who would not come home, the Shah brought in foreign technicians, and their presence and high salaries annoyed many Iranians.

Hardly anyone reported to the Shah the extent of the opposition. He kept some of the forms of representative government, such as a toothless parliament, but in fact he ruled as an absolute monarch. His picture appeared on all currency and postage stamps (almost a year after the revolution, in fact, many of the old bills are still in use), and on the front page of every Tehran newspaper virtually every day. In 1971 he staged a \$100 million festival at Persepolis to celebrate the 2,500th anniversary of the monarchy: 165 chefs were flown in from Maxim's in Paris, and 50 members of the court were decked out in Larvin-designed uniforms that required one mile of gold thread—each. The

*In 1939 the Shah married Princess Fawzia, a sister of Egypt's King Farouk, who had been chosen by his father before he ever saw her. He divorced her in 1948 and married Soraya Esfandiari, whom he divorced in 1958 after she failed to bear him an heir. The next year he married Farah Diba. They have four children: Crown Prince Reza, Prince Ali Reza and Princesses Farahnaz and Leila.

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Shah personally approved all army promotions above the rank of major and forbade all criticism of his policies. In 1957, with the help of the CIA, he set up SAVAK, the notorious secret police, to crack down on dissidents.

Documentation of its activities is still difficult to come by, partly because SAVAK spread an atmosphere of terror so intense that victims—those who survived—were long afraid to talk. International investigators tell of families beseeching them to try to find out what had happened to relatives who had disappeared months before, but simultaneously begging them not to let the Shah's government know they were asking.

The number of SAVAK's victims is also difficult to establish. In 1976 Amnesty International, a London-based organization that keeps track of "prisoners of conscience" around the world, estimated that 25,000 to 100,000 political prisoners were being held in Iran. The Shah's own figure was 3,000 to 3,500—but then, he regarded most dissidents as potential or actual Marxist terrorists and thus common criminals rather than political prisoners. Some of the dissidents really were Marxists; the Tudeh (Communist) Party has long been outlawed but is still active. And some were indeed terrorists: the Shah survived at least two attempts on his life during his long reign. But according to Amnesty International, many Iranians were arrested for acts like reading banned books and possessing pictures of Khomeini or Mossadegh. They were then tried in secret before courts that accepted anything in a SAVAK file as established fact, needing no corroboration. The accused were represented by military counsel, but defense lawyers who put up a vigorous argument were occasionally prosecuted and imprisoned themselves.

There is no longer any dispute that SAVAK practiced systematic torture. Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani, a member of Khomeini's Revolutionary Council, described to TIME's Raji Samghabadi how SAVAK agents in

1964 lashed the soles of his feet with electric cable: "The flesh was torn apart, and the bones jutted out. There were multiple fractures." The agents, he says, also held a knife to his throat for hours, making small nicks and telling him to guess "when the blade might go all the way down and sever my head." Amnesty International in the 1970s described other methods of torture: electric shock, burning on a heated metal grill, and the insertion of bottles and hot eggs into the anus. Last spring Anne Burley, an Amnesty International researcher, was shown by the government a SAVAK file that she deems authentic, containing pictures of victims who had been tortured to death. Several were women, she says, and "in each case the breasts were mutilated."

William J. Butler, a New York lawyer who investigated SAVAK for the International Commission of Jurists in Geneva, spoke to Reza Baraheni, an Iranian poet who was held for 102 days by the secret police in 1973. Baraheni told of seeing in SAVAK torture rooms "all sizes of whips" and instruments designed to pluck out the fingernails of victims. He described the sufferings of some fellow prisoners: "They hang you upside down, and then someone beats you with a mace on your legs or on your genitals, or they lower you down, pull your pants up and then one of them tries to rape you while you are still hanging upside down." Baraheni himself was beaten and whipped, and released only after agreeing to make a statement on television condemning Communism. Many other SAVAK victims were tortured briefly and then released, after the secret police satisfied themselves that they would no longer oppose the Shah.

Did the Shah know? He told TIME in 1976 that "we don't need to torture people any more," implying that torture had in fact been practiced earlier. In any case, as an absolute monarch he obviously was

responsible for the actions of his own security forces.

There is some more direct evidence of the Shah's complicity in executions too. Early this year, SAVAK agents testified before Khomeini's Islamic revolutionary courts that the Shah, under international pressure to liberalize his regime and therefore eager to hide evidence of repression, gave the secret police a terse oral order in 1975: "Don't take any prisoners. Kill them." In a confession interspersed with sobs, Bahman Naderipour described how he and other agents, in response to this order, took nine political prisoners out of Evin jail in northwest Tehran, handcuffed and blindfolded them and then machine-gunned them. He and another agent, Feraydoun Tavangari, said that SAVAK murdered other prisoners in their cells, then turned their bodies over to police medical examiners with an explanation that they had been killed in gun fights while resisting arrest.

The new revolutionary courts are hardly more objective than the Shah's tribunals. Naderipour and Tavangari had no hope of winning leniency from the revolutionary courts by fabricating stories. Both were executed, as they knew they would be, and as some 600 of the Shah's officials have also been.

For all the torture tales, U.S. experts estimate the number of political executions under the Shah at about 150 per year. By far the greatest bloodshed under the Shah occurred in the demonstrations that convulsed the country in 1978 and early 1979. The Shah's troops several times opened fire on crowds. Khomeini claims that 100,000 people died; the best guess probably is around 5,000 to 10,000.

Khomeini's demagoguery notwithstanding, even after that slaughter, the total number of the Shah's victims simply cannot be compared to the millions killed by Hitler and Stalin; nor can the tenor of his regime be likened to that of Hitler's Germany or Stalin's Soviet Union. Even among contemporary despots, the Shah is not the

Farah on way to visit her husband in New York hospital



First Wife Farah in 1939



Second Wife Soraya in 1952

Nation

worst. One prominent member of the International Commission of Jurists classifies the Shah as in a "second league" of tyrants, below Uganda's Idi Amin, Cambodia's Pol Pot and Central African Emperor Jean Bokassa I. One Iranian expert notes that the Shah often exiled enemies rather than killing them. He adds: "Khomeini himself is the living embodiment of that policy."

Even in this grim area, rational distinctions must be made. Is there justification for calling the Shah a criminal and treating him as one? If so, the same would have to apply to scores of other rulers, rightist or leftist. Moreover, Iran, like many developing countries, has never known any really free institutions. And cruelly, by whatever regime, has always been a fact of life there and in many other countries the U.S. must live with. These considerations do not exonerate the Shah, but they must be kept in mind by the U.S. as it tries to cope with the real world. Besides, whatever the Shah's offenses, they do not justify the taking of hostages in order to force his surrender to his enemies, which strikes at all international practice and order.

The facts about the Shah's alleged corruption are also difficult to pin down, especially because in Iran, as in other Middle Eastern monarchies, there traditionally has been little distinction drawn between the treasures of the ruler and those of the nation. A lawsuit filed in New York last week on behalf of the revolutionary government accuses the Shah of diverting \$20 billion in national assets to his own use, and charges Empress Farah with taking \$5 billion. But it offers no evidence and indeed admits that the sums are pretty much a guess. The Shah's own figure for the size of his fortune, given to Barbara Walters of ABC, is \$50 million to \$100 million. Even that would represent a spectacular increase over the years.

Much of the Shah's wealth was funneled into the Pahlavi Foundation and several others, established ostensibly to fund charitable activities, like aid to the handicapped. The New York lawsuit asserts that the Iranian state budget "provided annually a subsidy of approximately \$10 million" to the foundations. In addition, it says, "plaintiff [the Khomeini government] is unable to account for several billion dollars of revenues earned by the National Iranian Oil Co. between 1973 and 1978." In 1976 alone, it asserts, NIOC's receipts as published by the company were \$1 billion less than the NIOC earnings reported by the Central Bank of Iran: the suit implies that the \$1 billion went into the Shah's foundations. While no proof is offered, the practice is by no means uncommon; other national oil companies also set aside sums for undefined state purposes.

Though the foundations did do some

charitable work, the Shah invested most of their money in income-producing assets. In a new book, *Iran: The Illusion of Power*, British Journalist Robert Graham published a 3½-page list of holdings of the Pahlavi Foundation that he was able to track down as of the end of 1977 and that he estimated to be worth \$2.8 billion to \$3.2 billion. They included total ownership of Bank Omran, one of Iran's largest banks; 80% ownership of Bimeh Melli, the nation's third largest insurance company; and full or partial interests in auto factories (10% of GM Iran), cement plants, sugar mills, housing projects and a string of hotels, including the Tehran Hilton. Indeed, Graham estimates that the Shah, through the foundation, once owned 70% of all the hotel beds in Iran.

All these assets, of course, are immovable and now in the hands of the Kho-

meini government (as are the famous crown jewels). But the Shah could easily have transferred cash income from them to banks abroad before his downfall, though stories of such transfers have so far proved unverifiable. Information on the Shah's holdings outside Iran ranges from sketchy to nonexistent. The New York lawsuit lists only four in the U.S. The most prominent is a 36-story Manhattan skyscraper owned by an American branch of the Pahlavi Foundation.



Jimmy Carter and visiting friend at White House in 1977

"A nut," perhaps, but to the U.S. a force for stability.

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Whatever the size of the Shah's personal fortune, he ran a corrupt government from first to last. Foreign companies frequently had to pay "commissions" to government officials or members of the royal family to get any kind of contract in Iran. One example: between 1973 and 1975 the Bell Helicopter division of Textron Inc., which was selling choppers to the Iranian air force, paid a \$3 million

commission to a company that turned out to be secretly owned in part by a brother-in-law of the Shah. The Shah indirectly acknowledged the corruption by periodically announcing drives to root it out, but he never succeeded in doing so—if, in fact, he ever really tried.

Author Graham believes that the Shah's motives in tolerating the corruption, and in guiding the network of investments of the Pahlavi Foundation, were less personal aggrandizement than a desire to retain tight control of the Iranian economy and win the loyalty of subordinates by lavish financial favors. Nonetheless, the Shah in power lived very well, to put it mildly. He shuttled among five palaces in Iran. Journalist Fallaci, interviewing the Shah in 1973 in one of them, noted that "almost everything in the place was gold: the ashtray that you didn't dare dirty, the box inlaid with emeralds, the knickknacks covered with rubies and sapphires." The ruler's sisters also basked in opulence. Princess Ashraf Pahlavi owns two town houses and a lavish triplex co-op apartment in Manhattan. Princess Shams is said to have bought a seaside showplace in Acapulco and to have once planned a gold-domed palace overlooking Beverly Hills, Calif.

The Shah's life in exile, since he fled Iran last January, has been considerably less grand but still rather more than comfortable. In Cuernavaca, Mexico, where he lived for almost five months before coming to the U.S. for medical treatment, he occupied a rented four-building compound with spacious gardens set inside a twelve-foot wall. He can afford a personal security force and a staff of servants—and he pays the \$975-a-day bill for his New York hospital suite promptly. But the Shah last week whiled away much of his time in the unregal pastime that many hospital patients are reduced to: watching television. Said one of his doctors: "He watches some real crap. Westerns. Detective movies. Bad romances."

In reflective moments, the deposed monarch is bitterly angry. Immediately after he left Iran, he told President Anwar Sadat of Egypt, where he made his first stop, that "my advisers built a wall between myself and my people. I didn't realize what was happening. When I woke up, I had lost my people."

In part, it was a perceptive comment. The Shah had become isolated from his people. He failed to realize how deeply they hated the corruption and police terror; how seriously the country's Westernization offended its Islamic traditions, how much the middle class on which he pinned high hopes yearned for political expression as well as material prosperity. But the wall was built not by his advisers but by the Shah himself. ■

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Who Helped the Shah How Much?

Pinning down the roles of Kissinger and Rockefeller



As the Administration struggled to extricate the hostages—and the U.S.—from the Iranian black-mail abroad, a bitter, backbiting controversy arose at home. It revolved around

three questions: 1) Had the deposed Shah's two most prominent American friends, former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and Chase Manhattan Bank Chairman David Rockefeller, exerted excessive pressure to get the Shah into the U.S.? 2) After long advocating that the Shah be given sanctuary in the U.S., had Kissinger then tried to score political points by publicly criticizing the Administration for appearing weak in a crisis that he had helped to create? 3) Had the Administration been duped into believing that the Shah was more gravely ill than in fact he was?

What especially angered Kissinger's critics was a speech he made on Nov. 20 in Austin to a conference of the Republican Governors Association. He had concluded in a conciliatory spirit by saying: "I think all anyone can do is support the Administration and present the picture of a united America in the face of that challenge." But what caused resentment were other remarks that seemed to question the Administration's wisdom and will. "The biggest foreign policy debacle for the United States in a generation was the collapse of the government and of the Shah of Iran without support or even understanding by the United States of what was involved," Kissinger derided the use of "impotence" as "the ruling principle of our foreign policy" and said that the response of Americans to the seizure of the embassy showed that "they are sick and tired of getting pushed around and they're sick and tired of seeing America forever on the defensive."

Harsh words, and they drew harsh words in reply. The *Chicago Tribune* accused Kissinger of "Machiavellian self-promotion" and of making "use of the crisis for political purposes." The *New York Times* termed Kissinger's speechmaking "reckless" and "repellent." On NBC's *Meet the Press*, former Under Secretary of State George Ball claimed that the pressure on the Administration to permit the Shah to enter the U.S. had come from "Mr. Kissinger and a few others" and had been "enormously obnoxious."

The White House also brided at Kissinger's statements. "He is a devious and dishonest

able man," one top Carter aide told reporters. "He'll go off and make cheap political statements and then call up privately and assure us that he supports the way the President is handling the crisis."

Feelings grew so hot that Kissinger and Secretary of State Vance met on Monday last week for an extraordinary 70-min. conversation. Both men got their grievances off their chests—Vance complaining that Kissinger was gratuitously running down the Administration and Kissinger accusing the White House of unfairly impugning his character. The two men struck a truce: the Administration would stop criticizing Kissinger to newsmen, and Kissinger would tell his side of the story, once and for all.

In a long Op-Ed page article in the *Washington Post*, Kissinger pointed out that he had also "called for national unity behind the President" in all his recent public comments on Iran in New York, Dallas and Los Angeles. But he concentrated on reports in the press that he had pushed the Administration to take in the Shah. He said his involvement began at the Administration's urging last January to help find a residence in the U.S. for the Shah, who was then under heavy pressure at home to leave Iran. Kissinger said he asked David Rockefeller to join in the search for a U.S. home, but Rockefeller was reluctant, not wanting to jeopardize his bank's relations with any of the con-



David Rockefeller

tending factions in Iran. So Kissinger turned to Nelson Rockefeller, his old friend and mentor. Just two weeks before Rockefeller died, he helped find a suitable residence: the Palm Springs estate of Walter H. Annenberg, former Ambassador to Britain. The Shah, however, did not seek a U.S. visa; instead, he went to Egypt and then Morocco.

In mid-March, said Kissinger, a State Department official asked him to advise the Shah not to seek admittance to the U.S. until emotions calmed in Tehran. Said Kissinger: "I refused with some indignation." Kissinger and David Rockefeller thereupon both asked the Government to help the Shah seek asylum in another country.

Says Kissinger: "We were told that no official assistance of any kind was contemplated. This I considered deeply wrong and still do."

Kissinger concedes that he then made telephone calls to "three senior officials" and paid two personal visits to Vance to argue that a U.S. visa should be granted the Shah. He expressed that view volubly in private conversations with many people, including journalists. He said that the last of his direct pleas was made in July. He and Rockefeller then sought to find asylum elsewhere for the Shah. Rockefeller found a temporary residence in the Bahamas, and Kissinger persuaded the government of Mexico to admit the Shah on a tourist visa.

On the key point, Kissinger insisted that he had nothing to do with seeking medical help for the Shah in the U.S. Kissinger was in Europe from Oct. 9 to Oct. 23, when the Shah's illness became a backstage diplomatic issue. Kissinger said he kept in touch with Rockefeller's office while traveling and acknowledged that he would have sought the Shah's admittance for medical treatment if he had been in the U.S.

Rockefeller was clearly the man who alerted Administration officials to the Shah's medical problems. The banker has conceded that he helped arrange for the examination of the Shah in Mexico by Dr. Benjamin Kean, a New York specialist in tropical diseases. Rockefeller said that Kean "confirmed the gravity of the Shah's condition," and that "I insisted on having the results of that examination brought to the attention of the State Department." Some officials there were skeptical and suggested that a Government doctor should examine the Shah. Rockefeller then called Vance and expressed his anger at



Shah and Kissinger meeting in Tehran in the cordial days of 1974

Claiming "impotence" is a "ruling principle of our foreign policy."

Nation

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

A New Kind of Crisismonger



Congressman George Hansen is 6 ft. 6 in. tall and .025 mm thick. He is a piece of video tape, an electronic actor raised to global status through a system gone a bit mad.

Here's Jimmy Carter with 19 warships in the Indian Ocean area, trying to figure out the Ayatollah Khomeini, neutralize Henry Kissinger, keep abreast of the Shah's gallstones, and suddenly this Idaho character wanders into Tehran and tries to take over the President's job.

Hansen seems to be a new kind of crismonger, jetting to trouble spots, flaunting congressional credentials to gain access and then making his own bizarre foreign policy on TV film. An ultraconservative Republican member of the House Banking Committee, Hansen flew to Nicaragua a week before the fall of Anastasio Somoza and by his presence implied a support for Somoza that the U.S. Government was discouraging. Hansen also joined a mail campaign to encourage the American residents of the Panama Canal Zone to oppose the new treaty.

Hansen's colleagues in Congress are embarrassed and even a little frightened at the thought of this untutored man careening through the world's trag-

EDITH GOODMAN



Hansen outside U.S. embassy in Tehran

edies under the protective banner of the House of Representatives. Speaker Thomas O'Neill called Hansen "out of bounds." Nor, in hindsight, did the Iranians feel kindly about the Hansen mission. Foreign Minister Sadegh Ghotbzadeh summed it up: "I don't think that was of any good whatsoever."

There is not much that Carter can do about Hansen but fume, which he did to congressional leaders. He pointed out that U.S. intelligence contradicts Hansen's report, after the

Congressman had seen about 20 of the hostages, that they were being reasonably well treated.

But the high priests of television could do something. They could cut down his tape and his air time. Starting with a few lines on the networks on Nov. 22, Hansen grew bigger and bigger through the next days. The TV drama took on a life of its own. One wonders whether, if Walter Cronkite had ignored him, Hansen would even have been allowed into the besieged embassy. He was, however, and that was a spectacle of sorts, but not as big as what came through the tube. By last week Hansen was more than electronic news—he was entertainment. He was being filmed for the *Today* show and *Good Morning America*. There was plenty of criticism voiced along this strange journey, but attention is often what registers on television. That Hansen had and kept.

He did little in Iran but get a glimpse of the hostages, confuse American purpose by suggesting congressional hearings on the Shah and make it more difficult for Carter to convince the world of American resolve. As a nation we come face to face again with this marvelous media machine we have created, which can enlighten so totally and swiftly. It can also complicate and distort these extraordinary situations that now arise all over the globe as power shifts and collides.

There was a warning about George Hansen in his record. He served two terms in Congress, ran unsuccessfully twice for the Senate, returned to the House in 1975. He was convicted in 1975 on two counts of violating campaign finance laws, and the judge who suspended a two-month jail sentence said, "I had assumed when I sentenced him to jail he was evil. Now, I am not so sure he was. Stupid, surely."

Last week the hostages were still being held, the crisis deepening, George Hansen was home, and one of the first things he did was call a press conference to explain how his critics had misinterpreted his efforts. A dozen cameras blinked on to record his inorthodoxy. Aglow in the sustained interest, he allowed as how he was toying with the idea of going back to Tehran. Soap opera *vérité*.

the doubts about the Shah's condition.

Although U.S. embassy officials in Tehran and State Department officials warned Vance that admitting the Shah could inflame passions in Iran and endanger the embassy, the Secretary urged Carter to let the Shah enter the U.S. for medical treatment. Carter, somewhat reluctantly, according to some aides, agreed.

Admitting that he had been unfair, George Ball apologized for declaring that Kissinger's pressure on the White House was "obnoxious." Ball said that his remarks had reflected "what I had heard around Washington" and read in the press. Noted he: "I'm a little sorry for what I've said. I had my facts screwed up."

In his press conference last week, President Carter said that "in previous weeks and months since the Shah was deposed, Kissinger and many others have let it be known that they thought we should provide a haven for the Shah." But in the days when the White House was deciding whether or not to admit the Shah for medical treatment, said the President, "Kissinger played no role in my decision." Carter added he had acted "personally and without pressure from anyone."

As the Kissinger-White House fire-fight cooled last week, a related controversy developed over just how sick the Shah was in the first place. When he arrived at New York Hospital on Oct. 22, he did look seriously ill, particularly since his blocked bile duct had caused jaundice and given his skin a yellow tinge. But as treatment continued, some of the doctors at the hospital became increasingly concerned that the seriousness of his condition had been vastly exaggerated.

After tests on the Shah, Dr. Hibbard Williams described the Shah's cancer as a "widely disseminated histiocytic lymphoma." But other doctors at the hospital insisted that, as one stated, "it's a very localized lymphoma," which was largely confined to the Shah's neck. Indeed, the radiation treatment given the Shah is only useful for such a restricted condition. As for the Shah's enlarged spleen, this was found to be a long-term condition that may be unrelated to his cancer problem. The Shah did have a gallstone that untreated would have been extremely serious. But the New York doctors say this treatment was readily available in Mexico. Maintains one angry official at New York Hospital: "We've been had, and it's our own damned fault. We should have had this out with the State Department before the Shah even got here."

At his press conference, President Carter made it clear that he thought he had done the right thing, medically as well as morally, by admitting the Shah. Said he: "I have no regrets about it, no apologies to make, because it did help to save a man's life." The debate over the seriousness of the Shah's illness, like discussions of the role of Henry Kissinger in the affair, is likely to linger. ■

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Nation

"The U.S. Doesn't Give a Damn"

Iran's Foreign Minister offers a spirited defense



The day before he was appointed Iran's new Foreign Minister last week, Sadegh Ghotbzadeh (pronounced Gohht-zah-deh) was being interviewed by TIME Middle East Bureau

Chief Bruce van Voorst when he received a telephone call that normally would have gone to the Foreign Ministry. It was the Iranian charge d'affaires in Washington asking if he should attend the prospective U.N. Security Council meeting. "You will not attend, [Acting Foreign Minister] Bani-sadr will not attend, Iran will not be represented unless they postpone the session," Ghotbzadeh said brusquely, then added: "They can do what the hell they want."

The new Foreign Minister is a tall (6 ft.), well-built bachelor of 43, who likes designer clothes and expensive European shoes. In idiosyncratic but fluent English, he gave Van Voorst a spirited and sometimes contradictory defense of Iran's widely criticized actions.

Q. How do we get out of this situation?

A. (Long pause.) Well (pause), there is a Shah. Once upon a time, there was a Shah who was supported, nourished by good of America. That country trained these torturers, that country brought him to power.

Q. Did torturers have to be trained?

A. By the Americans, by the Israelis. That's part of the "civilization" we got from the U.S. and Israel. And you armed him to the extent that the guy was capable of killing thousands of people.

Then after the revolution, the U.S. promised that we'd let bygones be bygones, we're going to create new relations, and we're not going to intervene. And all of a sudden we detected agitation at various places. And everywhere, as it turned out, we saw the fingers of the Americans.

Q. In what?

A. In Baluchistan America was engaged. In Kurdistan America was engaged. In economic warfare America was engaged.

Q. Do you have any evidence of this?

A. Well, to an acceptable degree, we'll prove this. Anyway, now all of a sudden we saw this guy who was much hated, and who we knew was the lackey of Americans, suddenly in the U.S. for

"medical" treatment. The guy is reportedly dying of cancer, yet he receives Kissinger and talks to him for 1½ hours. Then our government politely demands that if that's the case, well, for our public opinion, be nice enough and allow Iranian physicians to go check. That request was refused by the U.S. Government. Then we realize that the U.S. Government doesn't give a damn about public opinion in our country and by accepting the Shah, deliberately and openly tries to insult

our people, our revolution and our ideals. That was intolerable. Then these students felt they had been tremendously insulted and doublecrossed. They acted by themselves. They took the embassy.

Q. But no other government could condone an action like that.

A. The students have done something that was in the heart of every Iranian—to strike back at the insult they had received.

Q. It has been suggested that the students occupying the embassy acted on their own, without any knowledge of the Revolutionary Council. Who are they? Do you now know?

A. Yes, we know them now.

Q. Which political groups do they represent? They're not all university students.

A. Yes, they are all university students. They're not of any political party.

Q. Who planned the attack?

A. We don't know.

Q. Not you?

A. (Laughs.) No.

Q. Now we have a dangerous confrontation.

A. We are not going to commit suicide for fear of death. We are not going to commit suicide to lose our dignity, just because the American carriers are over there. Let them be there. Let them attack, and what else?

Q. You have no fear of a confrontation?

A. None whatsoever.

Q. You personally are considered to be something of a hard-liner. Are you concerned that there is no dialogue with the U.S.?

A. Well, we're not talking to each other because every door that we opened was shut by the U.S. We have set forth procedures of how the Shah should be returned to Iran. And when we make our proposals, the next thing we hear is a decision. "We aren't going to buy your oil." The next thing, "We are going to freeze Iranian assets."

Q. But weren't you threatening the lives of the hostages at that point?

A. From the beginning it has been absolutely clear that the lives of the hostages are not in danger.

Q. And you're saying that so long as the U.S. does not intervene militarily, the hostages will not be killed?

A. No, they won't.

Q. They are safe?

A. They are safe.

Q. You have control over the students? Can you guarantee that?

A. They are not criminals.

Q. Doesn't Iran's refusal to send a Foreign Minister to the U.N. debate accentuate your isolation?

A. We had asked for a debate earlier, and had been turned down. And all of a sudden there was a telegram from the Secretary-General asking us to participate—please come in 24 hours, and the U.S. has agreed on it. Well, that was for us rather a surprise. We believe that the decision to go ahead with a Security Council debate now means that the Americans have set it up.

Q. So you don't think you'll get a fair hearing?

A. Exactly.

Q. What can be done to negotiate a settlement?

A. We have set forth certain conditions which we believe are extremely reasonable. We think that the U.S. should agree that this guy [the Shah] should be tried as a criminal. And accept an international team of our choice to interrogate the Shah and investigate the case. And thirdly the wealth of the Shah and his family, which has been taken from Iran and invested in the U.S., be returned to our people.

Q. When would the hostages be released?

A. As soon as these things are accepted, then immediately we go to action. Then we'll discuss the whole thing—everything can be discussed.



Ghotbzadeh

Nation



Iranian residents of Kuwait and other demonstrators raise clenched fists and shout anti-American slogans during protest outside U.S. embassy

Precautions Against Muslim Anger

The U.S. reduces its presence in eleven nations



A wave of anti-American violence continued to sweep through the Muslim world. Two weeks ago, there were mob attacks on American outposts from Turkey to Bangladesh and the burning of the U.S. embassy in Pakistan. Last week there were more demonstrations, in Thailand, the Philippines and Kuwait; on Sunday, 2,000 rioting Libyans assaulted the U.S. embassy in Tripoli, but there were no American casualties.

Understandably, the Carter Administration remained deeply worried about the fragile state of U.S. relations with the Muslim world. The series of protests had been precipitated by Muslim outrage over the false charge that the U.S. was involved in the seizure of Mecca's Sacred Mosque (see following story).

The eruptions have also prompted a question among startled Americans: Why do the world's Muslims seem to harbor such hostility for the U.S.? As President Carter said at his press conference last week, "We have the deepest respect and reverence for Islam and all those who share the Muslim faith." The explanation for the anger cannot be strictly historical. While Iranian resentment over Washington's longtime links with the Shah is understandable, the U.S. never colonized Islamic lands as did, for example, France and Britain, nor does the U.S. have an appreciable Muslim minority, as does the Soviet Union, which has grown increasingly apprehensive that Khomeini's brand of revolutionary zealotry could infect its 50 million Muslim citizens.

The U.S. enjoys close relations with a number of Islamic countries, including Egypt, Morocco and Saudi Arabia. It is

hard to escape the conclusion that in those Muslim countries where hostility toward the U.S. is most intense, the explanation lies as much in cultural differences as in history. Many Muslims feel a profound ambivalence toward the West, and especially toward the U.S. They are contemptuous of Western "materialism" and "decadence," yet they are also dependent upon Western technology and skill. Above all, they fear that Western influences will dilute and eventually destroy the Muslim way of life.

Whatever the reasons for the general phenomenon, there were lingering, legitimate fears in Washington that anti-U.S. riots could occur again, as long as the confrontation with Iran remained at flashpoint. Accordingly, the State Department last week called for the departure of all nonessential personnel and dependents among the 1,200 Americans based in eleven

Muslim countries and officially discouraged Americans from traveling to them. A similar order had been issued earlier for Iran, Pakistan and Afghanistan.

The plan was to reduce the size of the American official community and curtail the travel of U.S. citizens in countries where 1) there has been violence already, 2) Iranian sympathizers are strong enough to cause trouble, or 3) local security forces may be too weak to cope with mob violence. The evacuation order was applied to Iran last February at a time of growing unrest in Tehran, Afghanistan, where U.S. Ambassador Adolph Dubs was murdered at about the same time, was added to the list a few months later. The exodus from Pakistan was deemed "a prudent, precautionary measure" after the embassy attack two weeks ago in which two U.S. servicemen were killed. The eleven other countries in which the American presence is to be reduced to a necessary minimum:

Libya. The only thing that Washington can count on with Strongman Muammar Gaddafi is his unpredictability. Although



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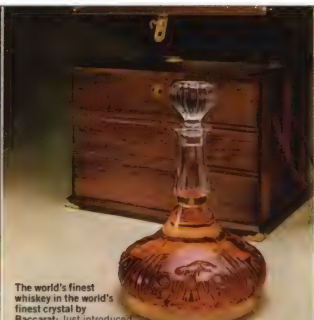
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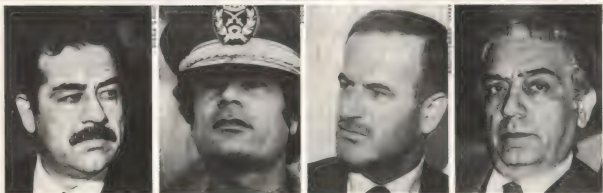


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Nation



Iraq's Hussein, Libya's Gaddafi, Syria's Assad and Lebanon's President Elias Sarkis

both are Islamic fundamentalists, Gaddafi was on the outs with Khomeini as the result of the mysterious disappearance in Libya last year of the Shi'ite Imam of Lebanon, Moussa Sadr. At last month's Arab summit conference in Tunis, however, Gaddafi strongly defended Khomeini's actions. But last week Italian Journalist Oriana Fallaci quoted him as urging Khomeini to release the U.S. hostages.

Lebanon. While world attention has centered on the bitter feud between Maronite Christians and the Palestinians, a potential new source of trouble is Lebanon's 900,000 Shi'ites. Until now, the Shi'ites have been seen as docile farmers in the south who wanted to get rid of Palestine Liberation Organization guerrillas and thus end the incessant Israeli artillery raids in the area. Khomeini's fervor has infected the Lebanese Shi'ites, two weeks ago, they joined Iranian students in an attack on the U.S. embassy in Beirut that was dispelled by Syrian peace-keeping forces.

Syria. President Hafez Assad heads a government dominated by members of the Alawite minority sect (related to the Shi'ite branch of Islam) that rules over a restless Sunni majority. So far, Assad has been able to stifle dissent and outcries over corruption (including the wealth of his brother, General Rifaat Assad). But the opposition is gaining, with the help of the Muslim Brotherhood, a local offshoot of the fundamentalist movement that grew up in Egypt before World War II.

Iraq. Under President Saddam Hussein, Iraq is Khomeini's nemesis, or at least his nearest one. It too has a Shi'ite majority (about 60% of its population), but it is ruled by Sunni Muslims. Khomeini, who has not forgotten that Iraq expelled him in 1977, has called on Iraqi Shi'ites to "rise up against [their] oppressors." Iraq has responded by hinting that it might aid Iran's Kurdish and Arab minorities in their struggle for autonomy. Such a move could backfire on Iraq, which has a restless Kurdish minority of its own. In response to Khomeini's challenge, left-leaning Iraq is already drawing closer to Saudi Arabia, with which it has had cool relations in the past.

Kuwait, Bahrain, Qatar and the United Arab Emirates. Except for last week's demonstration at the U.S. embassy in Kuwait, there have been no serious political stirrings among the Shi'ite residents of the Gulf states, many of whom are Iranian workers. The Shi'ites are in the majority in Bahrain and in the Emirate of Dubai, and constitute substantial minorities in the other states. Kuwait is the most prosperous of the group (with a per capita G.N.P. of \$11,850). As in Qatar and the Emirates, the Shi'ite community shares in the state's wealth and political power. The Kuwaiti royal family also uneasily pays handsome contributions to the P.L.O. and strives to maintain a middle course in Arab politics.

Bahrain, with a corrupt and graft-ridden government, is the most vulnerable of the Gulf states. A chain of islands off the Saudi coast, Bahrain has no oil of its own but is the nearby banking center for Saudi Arabia and the offshore playground for wealthy Saudis (liquor flows freely, and European prostitutes cost \$1,000 a night). Khomeini has vowed to recapture Bahrain, which was under Persian sovereignty between 1602 and 1782.



Charred remains of U.S. embassy in Pakistan

"A prudent, precautionary measure."

Oman. This sultanate occupies the southern tip of the strategic Strait of Hormuz, through which flows more than half the crude oil used by the West. It remains a quiet supporter of U.S. initiatives in the Middle East, including the Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty. Western experts say that some 200 Egyptian officers and non-coms are attached to its armed forces, which also have the guidance of some 700 British military officers. Though the Shah's forces helped Oman defeat a rebellion by the Marxist Dhofar rebels, Oman has managed to stay on speaking terms with Khomeini.

North Yemen. The U.S. has supplied the country with some \$500 million in weaponry, mainly to reassure the Saudis of American determination in the area, but such deliveries have barely affected the basic insecurity of the regime. Across the moonscape border lies South Yemen, the only Marxist state in the Arab world, with its Soviet naval base at Aden and training camps for foreign terrorists. The recent history of the two Yemens is one of constant sabotage and guerrilla warfare.

Bangladesh. Although far from the center of Muslim turmoil, Dacca was the scene of an attack on an American diplomatic mission two weeks ago. Washington's main concern is that the local armed forces may not be strong enough to supply quick defense against a similar attack in the future, and sees no reason to endanger its citizens unnecessarily.

Having decided to play it safe in these eleven Islamic states, the U.S. also concluded that in several other countries there was little risk to American lives and property. In both Turkey and Saudi Arabia, the Administration believes, local armed forces, together with U.S. Army contingents in the area, could adequately protect American interests, nor did the Administration feel that any special precautions were necessary for Americans in Algeria or Egypt. Washington's relations with Algiers have improved since the death of President Houari Boumedienne. As for Egypt, says a U.S. diplomat just returned from Cairo, "There is no better time or place to be an American; the friendliness is overwhelming."

Struggle for the Sacred Mosque

Eight days in Mecca that shook the Muslim world



Mohammed al-Qurashi's eyes burned with ambition. He was 26 and for six months he had studied theology in Mecca; he said that the Islamic revolt in Iran heralded a new dawn. Two weeks ago, he and his followers seized the Sacred Mosque in Mecca. It is Islam's holiest of holy places, since it contains the Ka'ba, a cube-shaped structure that is believed to have been built by Abraham in God's honor. Last week, the siege was lifted after eight days of fighting; but the as-

since it is a precept of Islam that no blood be shed inside a mosque; by nightfall they knew that they were hostages. Blood had already been shed within the mosque; when several guards had tried to arrest Mohammed and his band, they had been killed. Outside the locked doors, Saudi authorities were baffled. The only way to open the doors was to blast them open with cannon. But to damage a holy place required a ruling by the 'Ulama, the kingdom's religious leaders.

The second day. The Saudis claimed,

The fourth day. Saudi troops finally gained a toehold within the mosque. Several minarets were set afire in the battle.

The fifth day. Documents found on the bodies of several of the invaders established that they were South Yemenis: some of their wallets contained pictures of Iran's Ayatollah Khomeini. Mohammed's men were now fighting hit-and-run skirmishes. Many descended into the cavernous maze of the basement, which is honeycombed with the foundations of previous mosques built on the site.

The sixth day. The Saudis announced that they had retaken the mosque. Nonetheless, gunfire echoed from the cellar, where the fighting continued.

The seventh day. Smoke still rose from the mosque. The Saudis claimed they had captured Mohammed alive, and that



Worshippers at the holy Ka'ba in Mecca; smoke rising from the Sacred Mosque as Saudi troops fight the invaders

A young man, eyes burning with ambition, preaches that Khomeini's revolt in Iran heralded a new dawn



sault had shaken the Islamic world and rocked Saudi Arabia's ruling family, the House of Saud. The chronology of the attack was pieced together by TIME Cairo Bureau Chief Dean Britis. His report:

The first day (Tuesday, Nov. 20) "Who is this madman?" exclaimed Prince Sultan, the Saudi Minister of Defense. Shortly after 4 a.m., some 200 followers of Mohammed had seized the mosque, using weapons concealed inside 14 coffins. They demanded that the worshippers recognize Mohammed as the long awaited Mahdi (messiah). At first, the worshippers could not believe any harm could come to them.

wrongly, that the mosque had been retaken, and the invaders beheaded. In fact, Mohammed and his band were still in control: they were said to be treating their hostages with courtesy and giving them food and water. Prayers continued, Mohammed alternately preached and gave military commands.

The third day. The 'Ulama denounced the seizure of the Sacred Mosque as "a highly detestable and ignoble crime and an act of atheism in the House of God." Saudi troops blasted open the doors and charged the mosque, and the place became an inferno of fire and crossfire. No one knows how many died. Many Saudi soldiers were mowed down as they charged forward, chanting "To die in this battle is to enter paradise." Mohammed's men showed surprising skill in breaking up into small groups, setting up fields of fire, and counterattacking. Prince Sultan called for reinforcements.

he would face the "maximum penalty."

The eighth day. All but a few of Mohammed's followers were routed from the basement. As they surrendered, they spat at the Saudi troops. Many were students in their early 20s. They said they did not believe their leader had been captured.

Who were the invaders? Most accounts still held that they were predominantly Saudis, probably members of the nomadic 'Utaibah tribe and several other tribal groups. Many were thought to belong to a fundamentalist sect that had previously agitated against TV, radio and women's rights. Yet it was clear that they were well trained, probably in South Yemen, and that the operation had been well planned. Said one Western intelligence official in the Middle East: "This was a direct attack against the House of Saud. You can be sure that the end of the battle of the Sacred Mosque is not the last we will hear of trouble in Saudi Arabia."

*An ancient popular belief that has recurred throughout Islamic history. In the colonial era, several "Mahdis" announced themselves as liberators. Perhaps the most famous was the "Mahdi of the Sudan," Mohammed Ahmad ibn Abdullah, whose dervish troops killed General Charles ("Chinese") Gordon and the other defenders during the siege of Khartoum in 1885.

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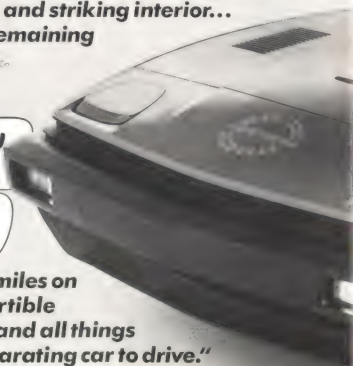
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Special prosecutor for Jordan

After all the oversized headlines and gossip-column innuendoes, it looked as if Hamilton Jordan, 35, President Carter's top aide, had managed to ride out the storm. But last week, seven weeks after the FBI submitted its preliminary findings, U.S. Attorney General Benjamin R. Civiletti recommended that a special prosecutor be appointed to look further into allegations that Jordan had snorted cocaine. Soon afterward, the Department of Justice announced that New York City Attorney Arthur H. Christy, 56, a Republican, had been appointed to the position by a special federal court.

Civiletti said that he had found no reason to prosecute Jordan on the basis of evidence turned up so far, but nonetheless felt that he had no choice but to call for a special prosecutor. The reason lies in the provisions of the Ethics in Government Act of 1978, a Watergate-inspired measure designed to keep an Administration from sheltering its own people. When serious accusations are made against an official, the Attorney General must investigate and call for a special prosecutor, unless he finds the charges "so unsubstantiated that no further investigation or prosecution is warranted." Oddly enough, the terms of that very same act prevented Civiletti from learning enough about the charges to come to such a judgment. He could not grant witnesses immunity, for instance, nor haul them before a grand jury to testify under oath. Hence, Civiletti reluctantly kept the case open. "But for the act," said a Department of Justice official, "this would never have gone beyond an Assistant U.S. Attorney."

The Attorney General pointedly asked the special prosecutor to turn over to him evidence that anyone had deliberately lied about Jordan during the investigation. Those who did could be prosecuted for obstruction of justice.

Christy, a respected trial lawyer who has not been active politically in recent years, was once a U.S. Attorney, and won a conviction in 1959 against Mobster Vito Genovese on a narcotics conspiracy charge. In 1954 he helped convict Frank Costello, then the so-called prime minister of the underworld, of income tax evasion. Christy promised to conduct his investigation "as expeditiously as possible." As before, the President was standing by his aide, who has denied the allegations. During the probe, Jordan will stay on as Carter's Chief of Staff. ■



Arthur Christy



Republican David Treen (left) and Democrat Louis Lambert at television debate

Battle Royal for Huey's Throne

A Republican, of all people, may become Louisiana's Governor

Huey Long made the governorship of Louisiana the most powerful state executive office in the U.S., which explains why half a dozen major candidates have spent a record 520 million this year trying to occupy the grandiose state capitol that the Kingfish built in Baton Rouge 48 years ago. What is surprising is that for the first time since Reconstruction, a Republican, Congressman David Treen, 51, is favored to win the runoff on Dec. 8. That is not what the archpopulist Huey Long had in mind.

But Louisiana has come a long way from the Depression poverty that Long fought—and exploited. If the state has the highest illiteracy rate in the nation, it ranks with Texas as a leading producer of gas and oil. A burgeoning middle class has produced conservative politics. Republicans are still vastly outnumbered by Democrats, 1.7 million to 81,000, but the G.O.P. is making rapid gains, and many of the state's Democrats are so conservative that they act, and vote, like Republicans. Three of the state's eight Congressmen are now Republicans, and a fourth Republican missed being elected last year by just 266 votes.

Annoyed by the growing G.O.P. challenge, state Democrats thought they had found a way to eliminate it. In 1975 they changed the election law so that candidates of both parties would all enter a single primary. They figured that the two top vote getters would invariably be Democrats, thus eliminating the problem of having anyone face a Republican in the runoff. They figured wrong. In the October primary, Treen outdistanced his adversaries, and will face Democrat Louis Lambert, 38, in the runoff.

A dull, almost dour campaigner, Treen is supported by Louisiana's lead-

ing newspapers and the business community. He has earned a high cumulative rating from the American Conservative Union—89 out of 100—during his four terms in Congress.

Lambert, backed by labor and blacks, has updated Huey Long. As chairman of the Louisiana public service commission, the same office that propelled Long into the governorship, Lambert has regularly opposed hikes in utility rates, even though many of his decisions were overturned by the courts.

All of the other major Democratic candidates in the primary have thrown their support to Treen, whose buttoned-down conservatism they prefer to Lambert's unbuckled populism. In a televised debate, Lambert strongly implied that Treen had offered to pay off the campaign debts of House Speaker Edgerton L. ("Bubba") Henry and State Senator Edgar ("Sonny") Mouton and give them top jobs in his administration in exchange for their support. The outraged legislators claimed that Lambert made the offer, not Treen, and they challenged Lambert to join them in taking a lie detector test. Then Charles ("Buddy") Roemer III, who ran unsuccessfully for Congress last fall, charged that Lambert had also proposed to pick up his campaign debts in return for an endorsement. Lambert said that it was a "damned lie."

A Treen victory would be a welcome lift for Republicans going into the 1980 election year. The national G.O.P. would be able to boast that the party had invaded a Democratic stronghold and captured an office whose occupant was once described by a Louisiana politician as "the closest thing to a king this country could have." ■

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Calamity Jane Strikes Again

Chicago's Byrne seeks command of the Democratic machine

Chicago Mayor Jane Byrne's biggest hero is her predecessor, the late Richard J. Daley, who launched her political career. But affection for the father does not carry over to the son, State Senator Richard M. Daley, who is currently Byrne's biggest enemy. The sultry feud threatens to shatter the still formidable Democratic political machine that the elder Daley so painstakingly put together.

The battle is refreshingly straightforward. No ideological clash is involved, just a personal power struggle waged with the vim and verve for which Chicago politics is justly celebrated. Ever since Byrne, 45, defeated Mayor Michael Bilandic in a major upset in last February's primary, she has tried to wrest complete control of the

mayor in September, when he fought to abolish a sales tax on food and drugs. The revenue was needed for a tax-and-transportation package that Byrne had worked out with Republican Governor James Thompson. Daley failed, but won the backing of labor and the minorities and shook up city hall.

To get revenge on Daley, the mayor has been dropping his allies from the city payroll almost as fast as she can locate them. A score of Daley's precinct captains and city employees have been fired or demoted. The split widened two weeks ago when Daley stunned Chicago pols by announcing that he would run for Cook County state's attorney, potentially the second most powerful political post in the city. Taken by surprise, Byrne scrambled

go, and if arms could not be twisted, ears could certainly be reddened. Said a longtime city hall watcher: "She created the kind of atmosphere where everyone knows that vengeance can be exacted. She doesn't have to threaten. They know what the message is: 'Do it my way or else.'"

In a classic Chicago scene, committeemen jammed paunch-to-paunch and cigar butt-to-cigar butt in the smoke-drenched meeting room. First to speak was Daley, who described the bills he had introduced as a state senator to help the aged, the disabled, and abused and neglected children. Never once did he mention what the fight was all about: control of the machine. Nineteen committeemen rose to endorse him. The most impassioned was Ed Kelly, who, as president of the Chicago Park District, controls 3,000 jobs that Byrne has been trying to snatch away. "The Daley name is still magic," cried Kelly. "There are many IOUs in this room. IOUs that we owe to Richard Daley."



Richard M. Daley



The mayor at one of her daily press conferences at city hall
A matter of instiner: "Why don't you cut him up a little?"



Edward Burke

machine from the old guard. She knew how. When Mayor Daley was faced with a rebellious politician, Byrne's instincts were: "Why don't you cut him up a little bit?" Lately she has been slashing so ferociously at errant machine members that the press has dubbed her Ayatollah Jane.

Her target has been the 10,000 city hall patronage jobs awarded to the city's 50 ward committeemen on the basis of their performance at the polls. The more votes they bring out, the more jobs they get for friends. When public scolding, sarcasm and humiliation did not force committeemen into line, Calamity Jane, as her detractors also call her, fired or demoted their friends outright. But the younger Daley refused to knuckle under and has emerged as the biggest threat to her drive for total power.

In addition to serving in the state senate, Daley, 37, is a committeeman from the Eleventh Ward, bastion of Irish political power and his father's impregnable home base. Daley ducked controversy until Byrne's behavior aroused his combative instincts. He first challenged the

to find someone to run against him. Turned down by her first two choices, who were understandably loath to get caught in the crossfire, she settled on Alderman Edward Burke, 35, a lawyer and a former policeman who favors tailored suits and vest pocket watch fobs. Like other members of the machine, he had been at odds with Byrne. During her primary campaign to unseat Mayor Bilandic, Byrne sneered at the ambitious and smooth-talking Burke, calling him a member of "an evil cabal," that surrounded Mayor Bilandic. Asked how the mayor could change her mind and support him, Burke grinned and said, "Well, some cabals are more evil than others."

Byrne worked feverishly to line up votes for Burke at last week's meeting of the Democratic Central Committee, which would endorse one of the two rivals. Telephones jangled all over Chicago,

Then came the turn of elegant Eddie Burke. Expanding his chest, he pledged to wage war on drug pushers and rapists if elected. A Baptist preacher exulted that Burke would create a "spiritual surge that will lift us into orbit for

God." More down to earth, Committeeman Marty Tuchow explained, "Nostalgia is fine, but I have to be practical." Translation: Daley is buried. Byrne is mayor, and Byrne was for Burke. Twenty-four committeemen supported Burke.

Seeing that his chances were slim, Daley suddenly withdrew from the contest and said he would run on his own in the Democratic primary for state's attorney, which means he will be battling his father's own machine. The primary winner will face the Republican incumbent, Bernard Carey, 44, who leads in the polls. But should Burke manage to become state's attorney, the story could take a fascinating twist. For Chicago pols figure that Burke is ambitious enough to challenge Byrne herself in the 1983 mayoralty race. That could be a calamity for Jane.

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World



West German infantrymen in skirmish line near Marder tank during NATO maneuvers in the fall of '78

EVER SIMON—KATHERINE FOUNG

NATO

Meeting Moscow's Threat

Western Europe prepares to counter the Soviet juggernaut

The unavoidable geopolitical fact of life for Western Europe over the past quarter-century has been the threat from the East. The Soviet Union and its satellite states have assembled one of the most powerful military juggernauts in world history; and never before has the Soviet-led Warsaw Pact loomed so menacingly as it does today. While the Soviets have been eroding the West's lead in weapons technology, in recent years the pact has enormously increased its offensive firepower by deploying the lethal SS-20 mobile missile and the Backfire bomber—intermediate-range nuclear weapons systems capable of devastating military and civilian targets anywhere in Western Europe.

Now that Moscow has achieved strategic parity, the U.S. nuclear arsenal—once Europe's main line of defense—has been, by and large, matched. As a consequence, the military imbalance at lower levels has taken on a new significance, posing immense potential dangers for Western Europe, which would probably be the battleground in a limited nuclear war. Just how the West should respond to the new Soviet threat in Europe will be the chief topic next week when the Defense Ministers and Foreign Ministers of the 15 NATO states gather for their annual autumn meeting in Room 16 at the alliance's three-story headquarters near Brussels.

In one of the most important moves in its 31-year history, NATO is expected to approve a U.S. proposal to deploy 572

new intermediate nuclear weapons in Europe. Of these, 108 would be Pershing II mobile missiles; with a range of about 1,000 miles, the missiles could hit targets in the western part of the Soviet Union, though probably not Moscow. The rest of the new weapons would be subsonic but extraordinarily accurate ground-launched cruise missiles with a striking range of approximately 1,500 miles.

To dispel Soviet fears that the new weapons represent a threat to peace, the U.S. is expected to announce that it will withdraw about 1,000 of 6,000 nuclear warheads now based in Western Europe. In addition, NATO next week will almost certainly propose negotiating with the U.S.S.R. a further reduction of nuclear forces in Europe. Deciding the precise terms of this call for arms talks will be one of the main items before NATO Foreign Ministers. Because neither the Pershing II nor the cruise will be ready for deployment for at least three years, some NATO governments hope that this will give East-West negotiators time to agree on ceilings for Europe-based atomic arms.

The anticipated NATO action has triggered a thunderous propaganda campaign from the East. In October, Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev threatened that Western Europe would face grave dangers if it accepted the new nuclear arms. In late November, at a Bonn press conference, Soviet

Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko argued that NATO need not deploy new weaponry because a European military balance already exists, and warned that to change the equation would "undermine the prospect of negotiations" and create "new and adverse effects on détente." From East Germany last week came the straight-faced announcement that 96% of its citizens over 14 had "voluntarily" signed petitions denouncing NATO's arms plans. And this week the Warsaw Pact's Foreign Ministers will be arriving in East Berlin for what appears to be a hastily convened meeting. "It's part of the pressure and propaganda game," observed a West German diplomat. "The Soviets still haven't caught on that they are overplaying their hand."

Indeed, all their heated fulminations have served mainly to persuade doubters in the West that the Pershing II and cruise missile must be extremely effective weapons systems; otherwise, why should Moscow be so agitated? Says a NATO official: "Brezhnev did the West a favor by forcing the issue out of the closet. He raised the political stakes. The issue now has such momentum that it is difficult to oppose." The Kremlin's bullying, moreover, has infuriated many Western Europeans. Even a member of the dovish left wing of West Germany's Social Democratic Party has angrily declared that "if the Soviets think that they



Pershing II

can beat us into the ground, they are wrong."

In any case, Moscow's arguments against the new NATO weapons have been widely dismissed. Replying to Gromyko's assertion that a military balance already exists in Europe, West German Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher stresses that "the problem is not the Western modernization program but the continuing arms advantage of the East. We don't want superiority, only balance." This viewpoint is shared by many strategic experts. General Sir John Hackett, author of the bestseller *The Third World War*, argues that with the SS-20 missile and Backfire bomber, the "Soviet Union now has a deep strike capability that can do immense damage to Western Europe."

The consensus of most experts is that the Pershing II and cruise missile are the best instruments available for restoring the nuclear balance and NATO's deterrent credibility in the European theater. First, they would vastly increase the alliance's firepower and thus the punishment that a potential attacker could expect to suffer. More important, if war erupted, the Pershing II and cruise would give Washington the option of responding with a European-based "theater nuclear weapon" rather than with a strategic weapon launched from inside the U.S. or from a submarine.

This distinction could be crucial, though it has nothing to do with the potential destructiveness of NATO's new weapons. The critical point is that if war came, the Soviets would not be attacked at first by the monumental weapons that are part of the American strategic arsenal. Moscow might be more likely to retaliate against Europe with its own theater nuclear weapons rather than against the U.S. with strategic weapons. While the destruction from a theater nuclear exchange would be tremendous, it would still fall far short of the nuclear holocaust that would almost inevitably consume East and West. This reasoning was at the heart of Henry Kissinger's widely noted September speech in Brussels. Kissinger argued that the American strategic arsenal alone cannot be relied upon to defend Europe, since to do so would almost certainly elicit massive Soviet retaliation against the U.S.

NATO's deployment of the theater nuclear forces is thus viewed as a means of closing a dangerous gap in the West's deterrence. Says a leading British official: "The reason for NATO modernizing its nuclear forces is that we have to fill a position between the tactical Lance missile [a short-range mobile missile] and the big bang. We cannot make counterthreats

credible without theater nuclear weapons." Notes American Defense Analyst Gregory Tревerton of the London-based International Institute for Strategic Studies: "It is important to remember that deterrence is a combination of will and weaponry. Weapons do make a difference. NATO has to become more confident at a lower level of deterrence rather than at a higher level."

The decision to deploy theater nuclear forces has been two years in the making. British officials claim to be the first to have noticed the growing military imbalance in Europe; they sent a note about it to Washington in early 1977. Several months later, West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt raised the issue in a London speech. He deplored the fact that the "Euro-strategic balance" was shifting against the West and urged that it be restored. Soon thereafter, NATO created a High-Level Group, chaired by the U.S., to study the matter.

One year later the group began discussing specific options. Included were various mixes of Pershing IIs, ground-launched cruise missiles and submarine-launched cruises, as well as weapons whose identities are still secret. The U.S.

outlined the advantages and disadvantages of each of these items in terms of accuracy, payload, cost and political implications. Clearly, the Pershing II and cruises were the best solution to the new realities. Furthermore, neither was an entirely new system. Neither could be portrayed as a "terror" weapon like the ill-fated neutron warhead, which in the spring of 1978 had alarmed public opinion in Western Europe to the point where NATO governments hesitated about its deployment and President Carter decided to postpone the project.

However, there were—and still are—serious political obstacles. Schmidt has warned that he opposes basing the new weapons on West German soil, unless other Continental NATO countries also accept them. This deployment could invite a destructive pre-emptive Soviet attack, and Schmidt, reasonably enough, wants to "spread" this danger. Says he: "We Germans are not prepared to be alone in taking the risks." Bonn also insists that the new arms, unlike the short-range nuclear weapons currently under dual U.S.-West German control, must remain completely in American control. By keeping Bonn's hands off these nukes, Schmidt hopes to avoid fueling fears of a resurgent German militarism. Says a West German general:

"The suspicion is always there among our neighbors in all directions. We must make sure that it's not heightened." The worst suspicions, of course, smolder still in the Kremlin.

As next week's NATO conference approaches, it seems certain that Britain, Italy, Belgium and West Germany will accept the new missiles. So too might The Netherlands, which has been the most reluctant to endorse deployment of nuclear weapons. The Dutch government, as well as the governments of some other NATO countries, faces vocal and well-organized pacifist and left-wing opposition to almost any arms modernization measures. To a great extent, it has been to placate these groups that NATO plans to try to negotiate arms cuts with the Soviets.

If, as expected, the NATO ministers approve the proposed new measures, the alliance will be on its way to countering the latest Soviet threat. But until the new theater nuclear weapons start reaching their European bases in 1983, NATO will remain vulnerable to the Kremlin's exploitation. "It is not going to be an easy three years," predicted a Western diplomat last week. Even so, NATO at least is demonstrating that after a quarter-century of challenges from the East, it is prepared to face its newest threat. ■



World

CAMBODIA

"There Is Nothing, Monsieur"

But Phnom-Penh, a dead capital, may be coming back to life

The worldwide effort to save the Cambodian people from mass starvation continued to gather steam last week. A group of Western nations asked U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim to declare the sprawling refugee camps along the Thai border to be internationally supervised "safe havens," protected by the force of world opinion. Private relief efforts were also gathering momentum. On the day after Thanksgiving a DC-8 cargo plane carrying \$1.5 million worth of canned meat, baby formula, antibiotics and other supplies landed at Phnom-Penh's Pochentong Airport. It had been chartered by Operation California, an organization headed by two former antiwar activists, Llewellyn Werner, 30, and Richard Walden, 33. Aboard the flight was *TIM*'s Correspondent Gavin Scott. His report on a 48-hour visit to this strife-torn land:

Responding to international appeals, the radical Marxist regime of Viet Nam's ally President Heng Samrin has finally modified its rhetoric about the relief effort. It no longer denounces the effort as a veiled attempt to assist the 20,000 to 30,000 Khmer Rouge guerrillas still fighting the Vietnamese invasion.

Aid officials believe that 165,000 tons of rice, as well as huge amounts of oil, sugar, fish and dried milk are needed within the next five months to prevent massive deaths from hunger and related diseases. Said Ouch Borith, 28, the neatly dressed director of Cambodia's International Aid Relief Program: "We disregard ideological considerations when it comes to assistance. We will gladly take it from any country. Rice and medicines are the main priorities, but the emphasis is on



Cambodian youths harvesting rice crop

The paddies had a deceptively lush look.

rice." Since the Khmer Rouge abolished currency, rice has become the only medium of exchange. One kilo fetches a kilo of fish: two kilos are worth a chicken.

Just how great are Cambodia's needs was apparent as we drove along the road from the airport into Phnom-Penh. The broad two-lane highway was clogged with trains of bullock-drawn carts, people weaving to and fro on bicycles, and trucks, some of them inherited from the long departed U.S. During the past month, a tide

of refugees from the famished countryside has swelled the permanent population of the city from about 10,000 to 30,000; approximately 70,000 others are encamped just outside.

Phnom-Penh's business district can hardly be said to conduct any business at all. The little ateliers where workmen hammered tin, ingenious mechanics kept cars and trucks running with paper clips and baling wire, and rows of women bent over sewing machines have all been destroyed or closed. Until 1975 the Russeco textile plant on the outskirts of the city employed 600 workers making cotton cloth. With help from OXFAM, the Oxford-based relief agency, it has since reopened, but only half of its looms are being used. Reason: a lack of spare parts for the steam boiler that drives them. Complains Manager Tiv Chhivky, 45: "I don't know what parts to ask for. We want to reconstruct, but we don't have the money."

Relics of the destructive policies followed by the ousted regime of Premier Pol Pot are everywhere. Torn iron shutters lie twisted on sidewalks amidst festering heaps of garbage. In once elegant residential neighborhoods, most of the villas are now hollow hulks, festooned with uprooted eucalyptus trees and scarred by bullets or grenades. Where the Roman Catholic cathedral once stood is a barren empty lot; it is hard to imagine a building ever having been there. The National Library was partially ransacked, its floor is strewn with books.

The only institution seemingly left undamaged by the Khmer Rouge is the Antiquities Museum, with its collection of precious artifacts, the Chamar Mon Palace, which Heng Samrin uses as headquarters, and the graceful Samarki (Solidarity) Hotel, formerly the Phnom. temporary home of teams from CARE, OXFAM and UNESCO. The unused swimming pool is filled with dirty water, prompting speculation that it has not been changed since the days of Lon Nol. It was never changed then either. The hotel bar, the only one functioning in town, can occasionally come up with a bottle of "33" beer imported from Viet Nam. The menu of the Samarki's dining room is limited to watery vegetable soup, chicken and rice. As a waitress admitted: "To tell you the truth, there is nothing, monsieur."

One of our first stops on a tour of Phnom-Penh was Toul Sleng Prison, once a French lycée. Within its quadrangle of three-story concrete buildings in a serene palm-studded quarter of the capital, 20,000 Cambodians were reportedly tortured and killed by Pol Pot's henchmen. The prison has now become a museum, crammed with grim mementos of the fallen regime's barbarity. On display are handcuffs, chains, bamboo cages and iron bars that were applied, red hot, to the genitals of prisoners. On a blackboard are inscribed the jailers' instructions to their victims: "1. You must answer in conformi-



At roadside stands in the devastated capital, peasants barter rice for baked goods

One kilo fetches the same amount of fish, while two kilos are worth a chicken.

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World

DISASTERS

Tour to a Snowy Death

A golden anniversary flight goes down with 257 victims

ty with the questions I ask you. 2 During beatings or electrocution you must not cry loudly. 3 If you disobey any of my regulations, you will get either ten strokes of the whip or five electric shocks." Said Curator Ing Pech, 52, an electrical engineer who is one of only four known survivors of the death camp. "Everyone here was accused of working for either the CIA or the Soviet KGB. After I received 50 blows to the head, I confessed. But after eight months, I was freed to work in the prison because I was the only one who could operate the electrical system." Those less fortunate ended up in mass graves. We were taken to one such site on the edge of the city. Out of the ground protruded a human skull.

Back at Phnom-Penh's only orphanage, formerly a Catholic school, we saw young victims of Cambodia's agony. The guides trotted out winsome Sophon, 4, whose father, a captain in Lon Nol's army, was killed by Pol Pot's forces. Now she listlessly waved her arms as she sang a song titled *The Day They Killed My Father*. At the end, when she described her father's death, she drew a forefinger across her throat, as if to slash it.

Outside the capital, the rice paddies and cornfields along Route 4 had a deceptively lush look; the rainy season had just ended. Provincial officials predict that the harvest from the crop that was planted in June will be 70% of normal, but independent estimates are that throughout the country, the so-called short season may yield only a fifth of what is normally reaped. In the entire province, there is only one doctor, a Vietnamese "adviser." Some 500 patients are crammed into the hospital in Kompong Speu, which has only 200 beds. The facility has no laboratory to analyze blood or urine or any means of boiling water. Outside the compound is a cluster of bamboo and palm-leaf huts housing 89 grievously undernourished orphans, whose bloated stomachs and matchstick limbs are signs of severe deficiencies. The staple of their woefully inadequate diet: powdered milk mixed with water trucked in from a river near by.

Despite the willingness of Heng Samrin's regime to accept outside assistance, only about one-fourth of the necessary supplies has been committed. The government has not acceded to the proposal by relief agencies to establish a "land bridge" from Thailand, over which thousands of tons of rice and other goods could be trucked in. But aid officials now sense a willingness to cooperate among Cambodian officials. It remains to be seen what will be the impact of the new attitude. Some 180,000 Vietnamese troops are preparing a final offensive against Pol Pot's surviving forces. Their attack could drive hundreds of thousands more into refugee camps in Thailand, where so many Cambodians have already sought to escape the tragedy of their homeland. ■

The clear, crisp morning promised perfect weather for flying and sightseeing, as Air New Zealand's Flight 901, a gleaming white-and-silver DC-10 with turquoise trim, took off from Auckland Airport. Coddled by a solicitous crew of 20, the 237 passengers settled down to a hefty breakfast as they began an exotic aerial voyage: an eleven-hour, 7,189-mile flight over the savage, frozen scenery of Antarctica. The 5365 tourist junket, of a kind that has become popular in Australia and New Zealand in recent years, had been advertised as "a voyage to the end of the world."

By a bizarre coincidence, it was 50 years to the day—Nov. 28, 1929—since Commander Richard Byrd and three companions struggled across the region's perilous mountains, to complete the first flight over the South Pole in a Ford trimotor called the *Floyd Bennett*. Flight 901 was scheduled to be far more comfortable, cruising at 35,000 ft., well above any turbulence, descending only in spots to 6,000 ft. for a closer look at the scenery. All the while, the cabin crew kept the sightseers plied with plentiful food and drink. Lunch offered a choice of Tournedos Rossini or Chicken Sauvaroff, plus a special meringue dessert named Peach Erebus. That dish was to be served as the aircraft passed one of the most spectacular sights of the trip: 12,400-ft. Mount Erebus, the polar region's largest volcano, located on Ross Island off the Antarctic coast. (Erebus in Greek mythology was the son of Chaos and represented unfathomable darkness.)

The dessert was probably never served. Sometime after 2 p.m., when radio contact with the aircraft was lost, the three-engine jet rammed into the snow-

covered side of Mount Erebus and exploded. Nine hours later, search aircraft from the nearby U.S. airbase at McMurdo Sound spotted the wreckage strewn over a quarter-mile area of the steep slope at 2,500 ft. Despite blizzard conditions, three New Zealand mountaineers managed to land at the scene by helicopter; they confirmed that there were no survivors at the site that rescue volunteers later described as "a hellhole."

The crash, the world's fourth most serious aviation tragedy, was the third DC-10 disaster this year. It thus raised initial apprehensions about another possible mechanical failure like the faulty engine mounting that caused the U.S.'s worst single air disaster in Chicago last May. However, there was no evidence that the aircraft was defective. Though the exact cause of the crash remained undetermined at week's end, suspicions centered on possible pilot error. Captain Jim Collins, 45, was a flyer of 21 years' experience with a reputation for being "the epitome of a non-risk taker," but it was his first flight on that particular polar route. One theory was that he may have been battered by a sudden "cat"—a burst of vicious clear-air turbulence. Others speculated that Collins might have been the victim of the most treacherous hazard in polar flying: a "whiteout," when blowing snow can cause even the most experienced pilots to lose all sense of perspective and direction. ■

*The three worst crashes the 1977 collision of two Boeing 747s at Tenerife that killed 582, the 1974 crash of a Turkish Airlines DC-10 near Paris in which 346 died, this year's plunge of the American Airlines DC-10 at Chicago's O'Hare Airport with a loss of 275.



Wreckage of Air New Zealand's Flight 901 strewn on the side of Mount Erebus. Perfect flying weather for "a voyage to the end of the world."

World



Moroccan soldiers on the lookout for Polisario guerrillas at Smara

NORTH AFRICA

Morocco Fights a Desert War

Hassan brandishes an elite new force in the Sahara

"It is our war all right, but we are fighting for the West as well," said Moroccan Brigadier Muhamed Abruk, scanning the desert horizon from his headquarters at Laayoun, deep in the western Sahara. "We are the last fort protecting Western interests in this part of the world." For four years, Morocco has been waging a costly campaign to maintain its disputed claims over the former Spanish colony on North Africa's Atlantic coast. King Hassan II, 50, one of the West's most reliable allies in the Arab world, has found himself mired in a no-win war of attrition against leftist guerrillas of the Algeria-backed Polisario Front, who are fighting to turn the desolate, phosphate-rich 103,000-sq.-mi. wedge of territory into an independent "Saharan Arab Democratic Republic."

Committed to defending isolated population centers and their own garrisons, Morocco's 36,000 troops in the Sahara have been increasingly harassed by the hit-and-run attacks of Polisario bands armed with Soviet weapons. Last week the Polisario attacked a Moroccan village with Soviet-made Katyusha rockets, and claimed that it shot down a Moroccan air force Mirage fighter with a SA-7 missile. The Polisario command in Algiers also claimed that its forces had killed 329 Moroccan soldiers in a series of engagements near Laayoun, but Moroccan officials in Rabat flatly denied the claim.

Lately, however, two developments have given Morocco's 120,000-man military forces a new impetus and the Moroccan public a strong boost. One is the Carter Administration's decision to reverse a long-standing U.S. policy by providing Morocco with badly needed arms

assistance, notably Bronco planes and helicopter gunships. The other is Rabat's deliberate attempt to modify the army's defensive garrison mentality and try to seize the military initiative with an elite new fighting force. After touring Moroccan positions in the western Sahara for five days, TIME Correspondent David Halévy cabled this report:

The Moroccan brigade, moving fast across the southern desert near the Mauritanian border somewhere between Bir Anzaran and El Aargub, was an impressive sight. Armored cars and tanks, half-tracks and armored personnel carriers, trucks and Jeep-type vehicles, churned across the sands as far as the eye could see. With light reconnaissance aircraft pointing the way, the battalions roared by in long columns. Supply trucks and gasoline tankers were tucked safely into the

middle of the convoy, with a Jeep battalion covering flanks and rear. The cloud of dust raised by the vehicles was almost enough to lay a shadow across the burning noonday sun.

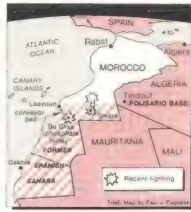
The brigade is part of the Moroccan army's elite new Saharan task force, commanded by King Hassan's intelligence chief, Brigadier Achmed Dimi. This "Uhud Force," named after a battle famous in Arab history, has been given the best of Rabat's military machine: escorting helicopter gunships, air cover from U.S.-made F-5s and advanced French Mirages flying out of Saharan air bases at Laayoun and Dakhla. Young Moroccan officers compete for assignment to Dimi's force, and more than 60% of the soldiers are native Saharans who know the desert terrain as well as the Polisarios.

Rabat obviously hopes that the Uhud Force may eventually turn the balance of the war by cutting off the guerrillas' movements to and from the main Polisario base at Tindouf in Algeria. Moroccan officers point to two recent pitched battles as evidence that the new task force may already be making a difference in the war.

In the first battle, at Smara on Oct. 6, three waves of Polisarios nearly overran the large Moroccan garrison, killing one local commander and 120 of his men; the intervention of a squadron of Moroccan Mirage jets, used for the first time in the war, drove off the attackers. In the second battle, at the phosphate-mining station of Bu Craa one month later, a 600-man Polisario force attempted a similar frontal attack; this time two battalions of Dimi's mobile forces, which had rushed to Bu Craa's defense, counterattacked, killing some 130 guerrillas and capturing twelve of their vehicles. "The Polisarios exhausted themselves in the October attack on Smara—the biggest ever carried out in the Sahara since World War II," said Brigadier Abruk. "They also failed in their Bu Craa attack because we were beginning our own offensive."

These military initiatives, and the political boost provided by the U.S. decision to help Morocco with arms, have given observers increased confidence in King Hassan's staying power. Western capitals have long feared that the monarch, who has survived two coup attempts, might go the way of the Shah of Iran. Last summer a Central Intelligence Agency report predicted that the King could possibly lose his throne within a year, largely because of economic problems engendered by the cost of the war (estimated to be as high as \$1.5 million a day). "Those root problems are still there," a U.S. diplomat observed last week. "But the regime looks in better shape than it did some months ago."

In an interview with Correspondent Halévy in Rabat last week, King Hassan manifested considerable confidence of his

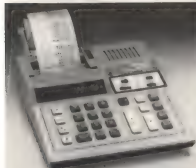




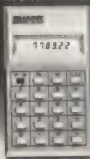
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But we hope you agree we're doing something to make insurance affordable. If not, alas, edible.

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¹ Ætna's *Æconomaster* policy, the first of its kind to be offered by a major U.S. insurance company, is a "whole life" or permanent policy. It features premiums that are usually lower than those of conventional whole life. Even companies that don't offer *Æconomaster*-type coverage give you a choice between whole life and "term" insurance,

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² The cost of life insurance has dropped for other reasons, too. People are living longer,

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³ The formula for determining cost—a complicated business, since different policies offer a headscratching host of different features—was worked out by

the National Association of Insurance Commissioners, whose members are drawn from the 50 independent state agencies that oversee the insurance business.

The NAIC formula has been adopted by over half the states, but Ætna voluntarily supplies this information throughout the country.



World

own. The King said that the new Moroccan offensive in the Sahara is only the beginning of an aggressive new strategy. But he carefully drew the line against any possible hot pursuit into Algeria.

"The Polisario are escaping from the battle," he said. "In spite of that, we shall not penetrate Algeria's territory to chase them. There will be no need of that. We are now in the process of establishing another task force like the Uhd. Soon we will have a third Saharan task force in operation. With those three task forces, skillfully using tanks and helicopters, we shall gain control over the Sahara."

The King angrily charged that Algeria was not the only power behind the Polisario. He accused Libya of providing the guerrillas with Soviet arms. He claimed that Cuba's African expeditionary force was training the guerrillas and directing their attacks. And he fumed that the Soviet Union was behind it all, as part of an elaborate plan to gain control of the Mediterranean as well as North Africa.

"His Sahara matter is not just another conflict between the Maghreb countries of Algeria and Morocco," he said. "It is a Kremlin dossier. We are fighting a war that is part of a Russian plot against Europe itself. Let me remind you that the Moslem Conquest moved into Southern Europe using the same routes that the Russians are using now. We [Moroccans] were then, and we are now, the key to the Mediterranean Sea and to Southern Europe."

He went on: "The Russian tactics in Africa are like the tactics of a parrot climbing a tree. First came Angola, then Congo Brazzaville, then Ethiopia, and afterward the Sahara. Step by step. If they get the Sahara, the Russians will have a window on the Atlantic, as they have always wanted, and the key to the Mediterranean. The American Sixth Fleet will have to sail back home and leave these seas to the Russian fleets."



King Hassan in an optimistic mood

"We shall gain control over the Sahara."

CHINA

Pickpockets, Muggers, Thieves

A wave of crime haunts city streets

For years China has cultivated an image of itself as a peace-loving society that had eradicated much of the violent crime plaguing the decadent capitalist West. No longer. In recent weeks Chinese newspapers and radio broadcasts have been so filled with detailed reports about pickpockets, street muggers and rapists that the country appears to be in the midst of a nationwide crime wave.

The problem seems particularly serious in Shanghai, where twelve platoons of army troops have been sent out to ensure safety on the streets. Still, *Liberation Daily* reports that young girls are afraid to venture out of their homes to attend classes at night, and that "some criminals have been publicly blocking roads, committing robberies, murders, rapes, and thefts of both public and private property." Several weeks ago, at a rally of 3,000 people in a city gymnasium, six hoodlums were sentenced to terms of eight to 13 years for street muggings, burglaries and harassing women.

Similar stories of crime are coming from other cities. In Tianjin (Tientsin), the local press last month reported on "criminal elements who provoke fights, rob pedestrians and humiliate and insult women in broad daylight." In Peking, there have been reports of small bands of young men who lie in wait in dark alleys to rob passers-by. In Hangzhou (Hangchow) last month, two brothers were sentenced to death—and one of them immediately executed—for having raped 106 women over the past five years. In the southern district of Shaoguan (Shaokuan), nine teen-agers were seized after assaulting a woman at an evening film show; their leader was sentenced to life imprisonment at a public rally of some 5,000 people. The problem, claimed the local *Southern Daily*, was that the nine teen-agers "lacked ideals and yearned for a bourgeois style of life. Starting by learning how to smoke and gamble, they passed on to theft and hoodlums and degenerated into criminals against the people."

In accordance with China's usually stern practice, sentences have been tough. At least five people have been executed in the past month for crimes ranging from embezzlement to murder. Even in cases involving juvenile offenders, the courts show little leniency. Rejecting arguments that teen-age criminals should be forgiven for their mistakes, the *Tianjin Daily* sternly warned: "All criminals must be punished according to the laws."

One reason for this tough attitude is that most of the crime is apparently being committed by youths. The Chinese press routinely blames the pernicious influence of Mao's widow Jiang Qing (Chiang Ch'ing) and her deposed Gang



Activist Wei Jingsheng during his trial

"We needed to make an example of him."

of Four. In fact, one principal cause is unemployment, particularly among millions of middle-school graduates who turn to street crime or black-marketeering to get some sorely needed cash.

Despite all the lurid stories, China's crime rate is probably lower than that in most Western nations. Some observers suspect that the new campaign against crime is part of a broader movement to restore law-and-order that also includes the recent crackdown on China's tiny dissident movement. Last week Vice Premier Deng Xiaoping, talking to a delegation from the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, defended the stiff 15-year sentence meted out six weeks ago to Human Rights Activist Wei Jingsheng on the ground that "we needed to make an example of him." At the same time, the centerpiece of the human rights movement, Peking's famed "democracy wall," came under official attack. Meeting in Peking, members of China's National People's Congress demanded that "resolute measures" be taken to curb activity at the wall, which, they charge, is being exploited "as a platform for a tiny number of people to foment disturbances" and to "plunge the nation into chaos." Some observers fear that that charge could signal a campaign to put new restrictions on democracy wall, the only place in China where free expression is genuinely tolerated.

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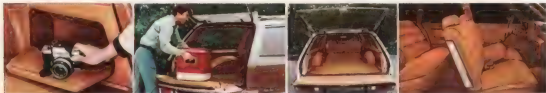
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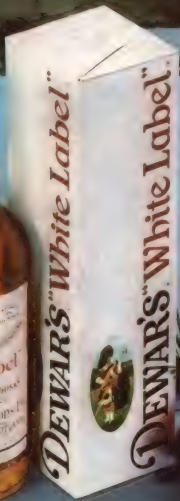




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World



Acting President Lydia Gueiler Tejada

BOLIVIA

Revolving Door

Can a woman President outlast her predecessors?

Some countries just have no luck with democracy. One of them is Bolivia, a landlocked Andean nation that has somehow managed to survive 188 coups in its 154 years of independence. Five months ago, ending a decade of military rule, Bolivia held presidential elections that alas produced no clear-cut results. Congress then selected Walter Guevara Arze to serve as interim President until another vote could be held next May. Last month Colonel Alberto Natusch Busch, a former commander of the military training school, ousted Guevara in a coup. But Natusch decided to vacate the presidential palace—literally through the back door—after widespread protests against his usurpation. Ignoring the fact that Guevara was, at least technically, the country's lawful acting President, Congress named a new interim chief executive. She is Lydia Gueiler Tejada, 53, a veteran leftist politician and an accountant by profession. Diplomatic observers in La Paz suspect that sooner or later—and it probably will be sooner—the first female to serve as the country's chief executive will be pushed through the revolving door of Bolivian politics.

The gravest threat to Gueiler's administration arises, as it usually does in Bolivia, from the armed forces. Three days after she was presented with the red, gold and green ceremonial sash of the presidency, Gueiler was handed a blunt de-

mand by a coalition of young pro-democratic army officers. Its substance: that she oust all of the high military officials appointed by Natusch, including General Luis García Meza, a right-wing officer who had been named commander of the army. Gueiler was happy to oblige; she selected General René Villarroel, a moderate officer, for García Meza's post. But García Meza, backed by the army's conservative senior officers, would not vacate his command. He refused to step down unless Gueiler replaced him with General Rubén Rocha Patiño, a fellow right-winger with close ties to ex-Dictator Hugo Banzer Suárez (1971-78).

Finally Gueiler, who had been a confidante of Chile's late Marxist President Salvador Allende Gossens, caved in to García Meza's demand, appointing Rocha Patiño to the army post last week. He obligingly proclaimed that the protesting officers were now ready "to bear with dignity and stoicism whatever sacrifices are demanded by the democratic cause." But Rocha Patiño's statement, cynics noted, was at best a rather lukewarm endorsement of Gueiler's fledgling regime.

Gueiler—or whoever will be running the country in the months ahead—faces some hard, unpopular decisions. In essence, Bolivia is broke. A representative of the International Monetary Fund has recommended a devaluation of the Bolivian peso, which is artificially pegged at 20 to the dollar, to help solve a complex of economic problems ranging from severe inflation to a foreign debt of \$3 billion. Natusch, unrealistically, had promised to attack these economic woes by raising workers' salaries "without provoking inflation and without devaluing the currency."

Gueiler is trying a more workable approach. Last week she announced a package of tough new policies. Among them: a stiff hike in the price of gasoline and other fuels and a 25% peso devaluation. But her tough new plan provoked a warning from the heads of the powerful Central Labor Federation, which had sponsored a general strike that helped propel Natusch from office. Workers, declared Federation Leader Juan Lechin Oquendo, "will not accept economic measures that affect their income." If Gueiler's new proposals are carried out, he threatened, his followers were ready to "struggle in the streets."

Besides coping with obstreperous labor leaders, the new President must also develop a strategy for curbing the army's insatiable tendency to intervene in governmental affairs. She also faces potential opposition from disenchanted civilian politicians. Gueiler has no illusions about the difficulty of her task. Asked if she had a remedy for Bolivia's chronic political instability, Gueiler replied: "That is a question that I sincerely wish I had an answer for."

SOVIET UNION

Difficult Year

A gerontocracy grows older

One of the world's most gerontocratic elites is getting older rather than younger. Meeting in Moscow last week, the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party elevated First Deputy Premier Nikolai Tikhonov, 74, from alternate to full membership in the Politburo, thereby raising the average age of that 14-member body from 69.3 to 69.6 years.

An angular, thin-lipped economic planner from the southern Ukraine, Tikhonov is considered by Kremlinologists to be a loyal follower of President Leonid Brezhnev, 72, and a probable successor to ailing Premier Aleksei Kosygin, 75. Rumored to have suffered a heart attack, Kosygin has not been seen in public since mid-October, and Tikhonov has been carrying out his official duties.

Tikhonov's place as one of nine non-voting alternate members of the Politburo was taken by a relatively young unknown, Mikhail Gorbachev, 48, who for the past year has been the Central Committee's secretary in charge of agriculture. Gorbachev, apparently, was not blamed for a disastrous 1979 grain harvest. Largely because of bad weather, Brezhnev announced, this year's crop amounted to only 179 million tons—47 million tons short of the target, and the worst harvest since 1975. The U.S.S.R. has already contracted to buy 25 million tons of American wheat and corn and will probably purchase at least 7 million tons from other countries. Soviet production of oil, natural gas and electric power also fell short of targeted goals in 1979, which Brezhnev aptly described as "a very difficult year."



New Politburo Member Nikolai Tikhonov

A probable successor to Kosygin?

Economy & Business

Bankers Grab the Booty

A rush for Iranian assets sends lawyers into courts on two continents

A mighty new weapon—the lawsuit—is being rolled out in the economic power struggle between the U.S. and Iran, and the battling is shaking the money markets. Lawyers last week went on a suing spree, grabbing up Iranian corporate and industrial assets not only in the U.S. but also in West Germany. The free-for-all rush after Iranian booty put investors and businessmen on edge, rattled money markets and in the process helped send the dollar into a renewed slide while pushing gold back up to more than \$400 per oz. In the scramble, banks even wound up suing each other. Lamented one London finance man: "The situation is total confusion." Added a nervous colleague in Frankfurt: "The chaos is complete. You just do not know what to expect next."

That was certainly true for the West

Morgan Guaranty argued that the attachment orders, which are automatically issued in West Germany in cases of disputed debts, were necessary to cover possible losses from Iran's default on a \$500 million loan. It had been made by an eleven-bank syndicate that included Morgan and was headed by Chase Manhattan Bank. In fact, Morgan Guaranty's \$40 million share of the loan is more than covered by the estimated \$8 billion to \$9 billion in Iranian assets that were frozen in U.S. banks by presidential decree on Nov. 14.

To West Germans, the Morgan Guaranty action was an unnecessary power play that, because of the court action, threatened to propel West Germany directly into the U.S.-Iranian conflict. Said a finance ministry official in Bonn: "It was a damned stupid thing to do. This is

into the assets-grabbing game. In a \$25 billion civil suit for damages filed in a New York State court against the Shah and his wife, lawyers for the Islamic Republic of Iran submitted a list of assets in the U.S. that they claim are owned by the couple. Included in the list: a 5% share of Milwaukee's First Wisconsin National Bank and a 20% stake in Union Carbide's Puerto Rican subsidiary. The revolutionaries want the assets to be seized and turned over to Iran in compensation for alleged corruption and thievery by the previous regime.

The assets pursuit adds to the turmoil and confusion that has been spreading through the world of high finance since the Carter Administration froze Iran's U.S. bank accounts worldwide. In London, the Iranian central bank last week even brought suit against Bankers Trust



Building locomotives at Friedrich Krupp works in Essen, Germany; Morgan Guaranty attached Iran's 25% share to cover possible loan default. Will they pay or won't they pay? Not even their ministers knew for sure. Meanwhile, creditors were lining up to take what they could.

German government. In a move that left Bonn officials sputtering in helpless surprise, Morgan Guaranty Trust, the U.S.'s fifth largest bank and a leading creditor of the Iranian government, quietly went into an Essen court and attached Iran's 25% share of two of West Germany's best-known companies, Friedrich Krupp GmbH, a diversified steel and engineering combine (1978 sales: \$5.9 billion), and Deutsche Babcock, a manufacturer of industrial equipment (1978 sales: \$1.6 billion). Iranian stakes in the two companies were acquired under the Shah in 1974 and 1975, and they have a market value of approximately \$270 million.

endangering not only our business interests, but the lives of 1,500 West Germans still in Iran."

The attachment order must be followed by court trial in which Morgan Guaranty is expected to argue that it needs to hold onto the shares until Tehran guarantees that its loans will be repaid. Meanwhile, more asset seizures seem likely. Asserted an officer of a New York City multinational bank: "We are going to grab every Iranian asset in sight. There is already a line of banks halfway down the block in West Germany waiting to do the same thing."

The Khomeini government also got

and other U.S. institutions, claiming that they lack the power to freeze, seize, or in any other way expropriate Iranian funds in their overseas accounts no matter what the U.S. Government says. This is an argument that many European bankers themselves make. Confessed one top international banker last week: "Frankly, I'm embarrassed to be a European. We should be showing more solidarity with the Americans."

The deteriorating climate has been worsened by Tehran, which has been spewing a stream of conflicting announcements about various steps that Iran has decided upon to undermine the role of

the dollar in international money matters. Most perplexing of all has been the government's mercurial statements about Iran's foreign debts, which total some \$15 billion. Though Finance Minister Abol Hassan Bani-sadr shook bankers everywhere by declaring two weeks ago that the government was renouncing its debts, Iranian central bank officials now insist that the statement applied only to non-governmental, private debts incurred under the Shah. Early last week Japan's Sumitomo Bank Ltd. received a \$1.2 million interest payment due on a \$50 million syndicated loan to the Iranian government. Perhaps Iran will honor its debts after all, at least to non-U.S. banks.

The sheer unpredictability of the Khomeini regime is causing officials in Tehran to gloat openly about the damage they are doing to worldwide confidence in banking itself. Crowded Ali Reza Nobari, 32, a former newsman who for the past two weeks has been running the Iranian central bank: "Once you lose trust, what have you got? Nothing! This ends confidence in the security of the U.S. banking system."

That, of course, is an enormous overstatement. But a steady erosion of confidence in banking and even in money could lead all too easily to dangerous global consequences. Oil states like Saudi Arabia and Kuwait already export far more oil than their own economies require, and instead of selling the extra crude for inflation-eaten dollars that ultimately wind up as sizable bank deposits, the sheiks could well decide simply to leave more of their petroleum in the ground. That would send prices surging as pay-any-price importers rushed for whatever supplies could be found.

The rising price has already forced the oil-importing developing nations to pile up a staggering \$300 billion in foreign debts, and some Third World countries are close to bankruptcy. A few big defaults could severely shake the international banking system. As poignant testimony to the squeeze on all the developing countries, Sri Lanka is now begging for mercy from the OPEC price pinch. In a government-sponsored petition that President Junius Jayawardene hopes will be signed by 3 million of his nation's 14.5 million citizens, the island republic pleads plaintively that the cartel grant special concessionary prices to Sri Lanka's "dedicated and hard-working people."

OPEC producers hardly seem in the mood to be particularly generous to anyone. Though Treasury Secretary G. William Miller spent much of last week in Persian Gulf capitals urging price moderation and a boost in production, officials did little more than listen politely. A stiff rise from the current official maximum of \$23.50 per bbl. now seems increasingly likely when the cartel meets in Caracas on Dec. 17. So too do market-tightening cutbacks by a number of cartel members eager to keep oil prices high even as the world economy slows.

Trying to Toughen Up Steel

A painful process: out with the old to ring in the new

Like an aging heavyweight gone to flab, U.S. industry has fallen behind some of its world-class competitors. Many steel, rubber, auto and other essential plants have become outmoded because not enough capital has been invested in them. If the nation is to restore its technological edge, U.S. industry will have to modernize by building new factories and closing inefficient plants.

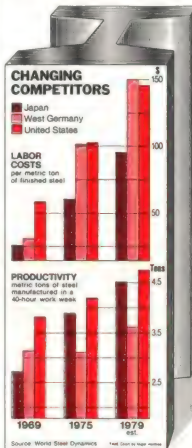
Nowhere is the need for this conversion process more acute than in the hulking, old steel industry. Fully 26% of its

much as \$600 million, mainly in pension benefits to workers. But Chairman David Roderick indicated that further closings may be necessary unless productivity and quality are improved.

Roderick was openly pressuring the United Steelworkers (U.S.W.), whose contract expires next August, to moderate wage demands and become more productive. The domestic industry still leads its major foreign competitors in productivity. In fact, it is doing considerably better than European rivals, who also suffer from aged plants and surging costs. But the Japanese are rapidly gaining in the productivity race. They earn less but produce almost as much steel per worker as their American competitors. Over the past decade, productivity growth in the domestic industry has declined from 3% a year to 2%, while wages and benefits have risen from \$5.38 to \$16.53 for hourly workers, making the 455,000 U.S.W. members among the best-rewarded in the nation. The U.S. industry has paid a high price for its deal with the union five years ago to avoid strikes by submitting disagreements to arbitration.

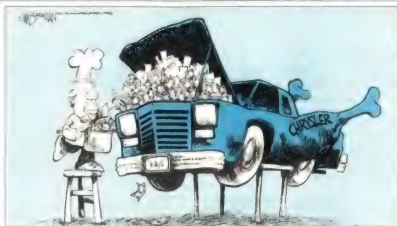
It was the fear of strikes every three years when the union contract came up for renewal that led steel customers to buy still more imports to hedge their supplies. But when steel imports rose from a 13.4% share of the domestic market in 1975 to 17.7% in 1977, the Carter Administration imposed minimum or "trigger" prices for imports based on a complex formula. Imports have fallen off to 14% in this year's first nine months, and the trigger price was reduced 1% to \$347.55 a ton for the third quarter. But with the yen weakening almost 23% against the dollar this year, the Japanese are becoming even more competitive. So American steel men are again unhappy and want the trigger price to be raised considerably. Steel men believe Government pricing decisions—from the Kennedy jawboning and the Nixon controls to the Carter guidelines—have been responsible for keeping its profitability low and thus denying it needed investment capital.

But over the last few years part of the industry seems to be getting back to basics and improving its position as a world-class competitor. Bethlehem Steel closed parts of its Lackawanna, N.Y., and Johnstown, Pa., plants in late 1977, recording what was then the largest quarterly loss in U.S. corporate history, \$477 million. Armco, Inland, Republic and National have all upgraded their plants. Some companies have even contemplated building big new mills. U.S. Steel has been considering putting up a \$3 billion to \$4 billion plant in Conneaut, Ohio. It would be the nation's first fully integrated steelworks since Bethlehem built its plant in Burns Harbor, Ind., way back in 1964.



plant is outdated, and replacing it with the best technology available will require tens of billions of dollars. Last week the largest producer, U.S. Steel, took some belated steps on the route to conversion, at least two years after most of its competitors had already done so. The company by the end of 1981 will shut down 15 older plants and mills in eight states, laying off 13,000 of its 100,000 steelworkers. Among the closings: the Youngstown Works in Ohio where a steam engine installed in 1908 still drives one of the rolling mills. U.S. Steel's earnings will be hit by the plant closings, which could cost as

Economy & Business



Stuffing a turkey.

Putting Brakes on a Bailout

While Congress grows wary, bankers and workers may balk

The deal seemed all set when Treasury Secretary G. William Miller declared early in November that the Administration was, after all, prepared to back a \$1.5 billion rescue fund for Chrysler. But now the outlook is a lot less sure. Opposition to Government aid is gaining ground, not only in Congress but also among the company's own bankers.

Last week the Senate Banking Committee upset the carefully stacked apple cart when it voted 10 to 5 not to approve the Administration's bill. That would have given \$1.5 billion of federal loan guarantees, if the company managed to raise a similar amount of nonguaranteed loans. Both liberal Democrats and conservative Republicans on the committee

concluded that this plan was too soft and generous; it did not ask for any specific financial sacrifice from workers, dealers, suppliers, shareholders and bankers.

So the committee instead wrote and approved a much tougher bill. It offers Chrysler federal guarantees of \$1.25 billion and demands, as a firm precondition, major concessions from all who stand to benefit from the company. It also seeks the creation of an employee stock ownership plan, which some Senators are promoting as a way to give workers a stake in their firms and share in profit growth. But, following Inflation Fighter Alfred Kahn's earlier attack on the "outrageous" United Auto Workers' wage settlement with Chrysler, the committee's most con-

tentious call was for a three-year wage freeze. Potential saving to the company \$1.32 billion.

The bill now goes to the full Senate, where it will face some fierce lobbying. Douglas Fraser, the president of the U A W and a director-elect of Chrysler, protests that a wage freeze is ridiculous. Still, the freeze seems to have a good chance of passing. Even if it fails, the Senate bill will differ markedly from the Administration-designed aid package soon going before the House. There is not much time to resolve the differences. Congress aims to recess by Dec. 21, and probably will not convene before Jan. 22. Chrysler has warned that if it does not get aid by St. Valentine's Day, Feb. 14, bankruptcy will strike.

The two bills also require the company's bankers to make additional unsecured loans on top of any federally guaranteed funding. Some bankers are unwilling to pour more good money into Chrysler. "There is a reasonable chance that loans might not be repaid," warned Citibank's chairman Walter Wriston.

The company's 102 lenders fear that if guarantees are granted, but Chrysler still goes bankrupt, federal law requires the Treasury to have a first claim on its assets. Probably not enough money could be raised from selling off its plants and other assets to cover both federally guaranteed loans and Chrysler's burdensome debts. So if Chrysler slid into bankruptcy—a real possibility because its survival plan depends not only on federal guarantees but also on many optimistic projections—the Government would grab most or all the assets.

The Treasury has managed to get into both congressional bills a clause waiving the Government's right to be first in line

Where's the Recession?

If this is a recession, let's have more of it. So joke some shoppers trying to elbow their way through the crowds that are thronging the stores. K mart has rung up a sprightly 13.7% increase in retail sales so far this year, and even lagard Sears, Roebuck reported a 3.7% monthly rise in November, its biggest gain in more than a year. So where is the recession? Like a mugger, it could be lurking around the next quarter if it has not already pounced. Real personal earnings are down nearly 5% from last year, and there are signs that consumer spending is still powered largely by the inflationary psychology of buy now or pay more later. Even as they report their sales increases, retailers are noting that customers are taking longer to pay off their debts than they did six months ago.

What is deceiving is that this recession may be coming out in spots like a case of measles. The auto industry has been the first big one to feel it; sales are off 10% for the year and more than 16% for the last ten-day selling period. Housing is also hurting, and industry experts are predicting a decline of 20% next year.

Some fortunate parts of the country may not feel the recession at all. The Southwest and Intermountain West continue to surge, largely because of high demand for their energy resources; the Southeast is also generally well off. But heavy industry areas of the Northeast and Upper Midwest, which rely largely on cyclical businesses, probably will take it on the chin.

The Consumer Price Index continues to steamroll along at 12.7%, but the prime rate, which banks charge their preferred customers, has come down a quarter of a point from its height of 15%. There is a feeling on Wall Street that rates have peaked. This has energized the Dow Jones stock market average, which rose eleven points last week, to close at 822, its best performance since the Volcker rally turned into the Volcker rout after Oct. 6.

Many measures of industrial activity are lower today than they were at the beginning of the year. Like theologians discussing how many angels can dance on the point of a needle, economists may argue tirelessly whether there really was a recession in 1979 and when it arrived. But there are many who echo Economist Murray Weidenbaum: "A year from now we will not be debating whether or not we had a recession. It will be clear."

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Economy & Business

at the assets trough, at least for new loans. But opponents to a Chrysler rescue intend to submit amendments rejecting this waiver. Since they would protect taxpayers' funds, the amendments stand at least some chance of passing, particularly with an election coming next year.

Congressmen may have found a novel way out of their political problem of whether or not to support aid. Everyone who feels pressure to vote for a bailout may now be able to do so with a clear conscience that the Federal Government would never have to risk a cent. If an aid bill is passed with the provisos that the Treasury has first grab at assets and the U.A.W. must agree to some form of wage freeze, the blue-collar workers and the blue-flannel bankers may refuse to play ball. Then this package would collapse, and all parties would have to grope and hope for some new compromise, while the nation's tenth largest manufacturer would roll closer to the cliff.

Reads to Riches

Guides to the joys of cash

Perhaps a windfall-profits tax should be levied on prolific financial journalists in these inflationary times, because the inkwell is as mighty as the oil well. Anyone who can write with wit or apocalyptic certitude about how to cope with shrinking purchasing power and vanishing nest eggs does not have to worry about where his—or her—next Mercedes 300 is coming from. In women's magazines, articles on sex have almost taken a back seat to advice on money management. Bookstores are crammed with many new volumes about the joy of cash and the juggling of credit. But among the surfeit of get-rich guides and Chicken Little screeds, at least five books merit attention.

Sylvia Porter's New Money Book for the 80's. This syndicated columnist's 5-lb. doorstopper sells for a hefty \$24.95, and anyone with the stamina to lug it home probably will not need any other money guide. Written for a reader who seems to

know absolutely nothing about personal finance, Porter's 1,305 pages—completely updated and revised since the publication of her bestselling *Money Book* in 1975—cover budgeting, energy saving, career planning, investing, dressing well for less and even dying thriftily. (She recommends preplanning the funeral and discussing costs in advance with the mortician.) There is a section coyly called "Sex ... and ... Money" that offers suggestions on how to shop for and reduce the costs of an abortion. Glossaries help to explain insurance, stock market and real estate

terms that Porter calls "bafflebag." Her style is brisk and hortatory. Porter warns her readers: "If you need a spring raincoat, don't stop off at the section reserved for bathing suits and buy a bikini at top price. I've done this sort of thing plenty of times, and I bet you have, too!"

Everyone's Money Book by Jane Bryant Quinn. Conversational in style and lucid in its explanations, Quinn's book, a third shorter and at \$14.95 almost 50% cheaper than Porter's, is also a lot more fun to read. One section quotes Robert Frost: "Take care to sell your horse before he dies. The art of life is passing losses on." The book is well indexed, cross-referenced and divided into discrete subject areas: each chapter assumes the reader has not read the others. Quinn covers the usual ground of budgeting, investing, saving, home buying, divorce and burial. Her 101 pages on life insurance are especially valuable. The *Newsweek* columnist and television reporter analyzes and compares the bewildering array of policies and options. Term insurance, she advises, is usually the best policy for young families.

Your Money by Richard Phalon. The reader who follows all of Phalon's advice may or may not "minimize his tax bite and manage himself into a surplus" as the author promises, but he will have had a good time for his \$8.95. Explaining that loan rates can be negotiated, the *Forbes* magazine editor urges readers to take a firm stand with their bankers: "Insert the term 'banking relationship' into the conversation like a nicely greased thermometer and mention the imposing size of your checking and savings account balances. If that doesn't get you at least a centigrade or so more cordiality—to say nothing of a quarter to a half point lower rate—maybe it's time to consider taking your business to a more receptive environment." Beyond that, he skips lightly over financing a house, buying life insurance, investing in the stock market and dealing with the IRS.

Your Money Matters by Donald Moffitt. Even some six-digit corporate executives have no idea how they will bankroll their retirement, so Moffitt has collected his *Wall Street Journal* columns on personal finance into a \$4.95 paperback for them as well as more modest money earners. Moffitt writes with cheekiness; the section on how to buy directors' liability insurance begins: "So you were dozing in your Eames chair when the other directors approved that 'commission' to His Austere Majesty the Grand Serene Slob of Lower Slobbovia?" Six pages on cutting home heating costs are invaluable, if only for touting a 70c National Bureau of Standards publication called "Making the Most of Your Energy Dollars in Home Heating & Cooling."

The Complete Consumer Book by Bess Myerson. The shopper who spends \$9.95

for this book will discover that even consumer advocates can be guilty of false and misleading labeling. Myerson is by no means "complete." The 100 or so pages devoted to owning a house, for example,

dispatch property insurance in four paragraphs. Retirement planning in Myerson's view seems to consist only of setting up a tax-deferred IRA or Keogh Plan savings fund. The former Miss America and ex-commissioner of consumer affairs for New York City is hardheaded about bargaining over terms, especially when buying a home. Counsels Myerson: "If you find the house fails to meet certain standards, you should not immediately cross it off your list. But,

armed with the information of what is needed to bring the house up to high standards, you gain the leverage you need to convince the seller to lower the price."

Suing Bluhdorn

More than honor is at stake

Charles Bluhdorn, the ultimate conglomerateur who merged some 150 companies into the \$5-billion-a-year Gulf & Western Industries, is a tough, autonomous type, well known for his flamboyant and freewheeling manner. Last week, in a 60-page civil suit, the Securities and Exchange Commission charged G & W Board Chairman Bluhdorn and Executive Vice President Don F. Gaston with "fraudulent courses of conduct."

The complaint follows a three-year investigation, aided by the confessions of Joel Dolkart, G & W's former general counsel, who was convicted in 1976 of forging a \$250,000 check. The charges accuse the company of artificially inflating the value of some G & W assets; hiding losses by shuffling money and stock among subsidiaries; risking huge sums in unauthorized speculations in the commodities market; improperly transferring funds in and out of the Dominican Republic; investing G & W pension funds in outside businesses that benefited the officers; and using company legal, tax and financial services for private endeavors.

SEC officials offered to settle out of court, but Bluhdorn, calling the allegations "totally unwarranted and outrageous," vowed to do battle before a judge. More than honor is at stake. If the SEC prevails, it could order G & W to hire an outside auditor to fully investigate the company's affairs, recruit a more independent board of directors and adopt new management procedures.



Myerson



Porter



G & W's chief

INTRODUCING A SPORTS CAR FOR THE 80's. FORD MUSTANG.



Mustang 3-door

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USAC put Mustang through a series of tests against a number of popular sports cars. Mustang's performance earned it official USAC certification.

Sports car performance. Impressive fuel economy.

Every standard Mustang offers the advantages of a sports car. Yet delivers the high mileage of a 4-cylinder engine.

For comparison, Your mpg may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual hwy mpg will probably be lower. Calif. mpg is lower.

23 city mpg 38 hwy mpg

Design your own Mustang.

Besides impressive standard features like modified McPherson front suspension and rack & pinion steering, Mustang can be personalized with options like Michelin TRX radial tires, forged aluminum wheels or the elegance of a Mustang Ghia.

Mustang. A sports car for the 80's.

Whether you buy or lease a Mustang, ask your Ford Dealer about the Extended Service Plan.



Better ideas for the 80's. FORD.



Mustang 2-door

\$5,250

Sticker price as shown excluding title, taxes and destination charges.

FORD MUSTANG

FORD DIVISION





Canada's Western Energy Boom

Neighbors cast envious glances at those sheikhs of Calgary

Surveying the skyline of Calgary, where 29 huge construction cranes are climbing atop new office towers, Canadian Novelist Mordecai Richler observed: "That's going to be a helluva city when they get it uncrated." In Edmonton, 180 miles to the north, Ford has sold hundreds more Thunderbirds than usual this year. Boasts Dealer Ryan Taylor: "They can't give those gas guzzlers away south of the border, but they are going like crazy up here." Around the town of Medicine Hat, where 1,700 oil and gas wells have been drilled in the past year, Canadian, British and West German tank troops on war games have to aim very, very carefully to avoid blowing up one of those pools of energy.

Welcome to booming Alberta, the Texas-size province that contains roughly 85% of Canada's proven oil and gas reserves, half of its coal, some major untapped hydropower sites, and vast, oil-bearing tar sands.

Under the Canadian constitution, these mineral rights belong to the provincial government. So Alberta, rather than the national government in Ottawa, has gleefully collected the rewards of gushing oil and gas prices. The province takes an average 43% cut for oil and 33% for gas from the energy companies' local production revenues, and its royalties surged from \$1.3 billion in 1974 to \$4 billion this year. Coveting more of this wealth for themselves, many Canadians outside the province call Alberta "OPEC North" and refer to its leaders as "blue-eyed sheiks." After traveling throughout the nouveau riche province, TIME Correspondent Ed Ogle reports:

The changes that have resulted from the energy windfall are tremendous. Culture has swept the province like a whirlwind. A critic for the *Edmonton Journal* figured that in twelve months he covered 136 first nights of theater, opera and symphony. Calgary, once just a prairie cow town that was famous for its Calgary Red-eye (beer and tomato juice), has become a cosmopolitan community of 550,000. Nearly 60% of the people are not of English-speaking origin, and despite the presence of some 60,000 Americans in the area, the largest ethnic group is German. This is Canada's fastest growing large city. In the past five years, 20 foreign banks have opened offices in Calgary, and last June the Bank of Montreal became the first major Canadian bank to move its chairman, Fred H. McNeil, to Alberta. Says he in his Calgary office: "The time of the West has come."

Calgary is already the headquarters for 483 of the 587 oil and gas companies that have main offices in the country. It is not hard to spend \$250,000 for a four-bedroom house, but heating bills in Alberta average only \$27 a month, and gasoline



Economy & Business

sells for 53¢ a gal. Thanks to energy royalties, Alberta is Canada's only province with no sales or gasoline taxes. Its property and income taxes are the lowest of any province: for a family of four earning \$17,000, the overall tax burden is \$912 a year, vs. \$2,130 in Quebec.

Sensibly, provision is being made for when the energy reserves run out. Fully 30% of all royalties are deposited in a "Heritage" trust fund, which now totals \$5 billion and is expected to reach as much as \$34 billion by the end of the 1980s. The fund makes major loans to other provinces (at competitive rates), but its main purpose is to bankroll Alberta's economic future. The provincial government has acquired its own Pacific Western Airlines; set up a local company to invest in all forms of energy, including oil from the thick, gummy tar sands; and offers fat incentives to new firms willing to open up in smaller communities.

It is quite possible that Alberta's energy bonanza will not give out for many decades. Expert estimates of conventional oil reserves range from 5 billion to 8 billion bbl. (The U.S. has proven reserves of 28.5 billion bbl., and Mexico has 16 billion bbl.) Most significant, Alberta has huge additional "unconventional" sources of energy that are not yet economical to tap but will become increasingly feasible—and necessary—as oil prices rise. The basic sources are heavy bitumen oil and the tar sands, which together could provide as much as 320 billion bbl., or enough to supply the entire world demand for some 15 years at current rates of use.

Two producers, Suncor and the Syncrude consortium, are turning out a total of some 150,000 bbl. a day from tar sands. A group headed by Shell has won approval for another project that will cost close to \$5 billion and help lift output from the sands to an expected 500,000 bbl. daily by 1985. Meanwhile, Exxon's Imperial

Oil plans to spend more than \$5 billion to produce oil from heavy crude. These projects may be stretched out if some recent finds of conventional petroleum elsewhere prove more financially attractive. Some oilmen believe that two offshore strikes, in the Arctic's Beaufort Sea and along the Newfoundland coast, could prove to be of Middle East proportions.

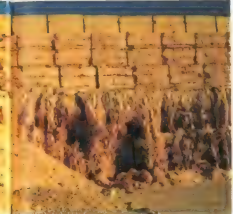
Natural gas also seems boundless in Alberta, and it provides a double benefit because sulfur is a byproduct of refining. The National Energy Board puts the province's gas reserves at 60 trillion cu. ft., equal to almost one-third the entire U.S. reserves. Energy developers argue that the real total is many times that size, and they are pressing to sell more to the U.S. Canada exports about 1 trillion cu. ft. a year, notably to the Northern Plains states; producers would like this increased threefold.

There is little chance, however, that Canada will soon raise its net oil sales to the U.S., now a rather modest 100,000 bbl. a day, (vs. 425,000 bbl. from Mexico). Dedicated to energy independence and fearful that conventional oil will decline in spite of the recent finds, Canada is not even fully exploiting Alberta's capacity of 1.8 million bbl. a day. Says Mitchell Sharp, the commissioner of Canada's Northern Pipeline Agency: "The U.S. should drop any ideas it might have about a North American energy common market."

It is also unlikely that Alberta will submit to the wishes of less blessed Canadian provinces and share its energy royalties with them. Alberta's officials, notably Conservative Premier Peter Lougheed, argue convincingly that other regions are already "subsidized," because Ottawa holds down the domestic price of oil to \$13.75, half as much as some OPEC nations charge.

But splitting up the energy wealth remains a bitter and divisive issue in a nation already torn by threats of separatism. When Calgary made an offer of \$217.5 million and thus became Canada's choice to be host of the 1988 Winter Olympics, one Vancouver official growled: "What are they going to do—landscape the Rockies?" That, for a province as rich and resourceful as Alberta, remains a possibility. ■

From the top: Calgary skyline glitters at night. Piles of sulfur, a golden byproduct of natural gas production, are collected at a Canadian Occidental Petroleum site. Esso Plaza, one of many new office towers in Canada's fastest growing large city, is under construction in downtown Calgary. Natural gas plant rises by the rich wheat fields outside Edmonton.



Living



Hot-selling thinking toys, all with silicon-chip brains, range from tank that yips when left unattended to chess set that talks back

ROBERTO BRONER

Those Beeping, Thinking Toys

Clever new playmates can be found in a child's garden of microchips

Well before noon on Christmas Day, horror-stricken adults will issue forth from every child-equipped house in the nation. They will be dismayed because they have seen the future. The future works, as it turns out, but only if they make a run for more batteries. Not, as in the good old days, a couple of 10¢ Evereadys, but bushels of expensive nine-volts, pecks of Penlites, and Cs and Ds in numbers beyond counting.

This desperate foraging for batteries will symbolize the fact that the era of small, clever (and usually battery-powered) computer* toys has arrived in full beep. But beeps are not the extent of the commotion; in a couple of astonishing cases, the new gadgets will play games with their owners while announcing the moves and commenting on the play in understandable spoken English, or in one of several other languages that the purchaser may choose. Some of the toys are musical, and some are rolling, programmable robot vehicles.

Computers are good games players,

*The so-called computer toys really contain only the memory chips, not the other components of a true computer.

and the best games this year are fiendishly addictive challenges to physical dexterity and mental sharpness. Not all of the addicts are children, and this pleases toy manufacturers because it is beginning to be clear that adults can be very self-indulgent in buying expensive computer games for themselves. Indeed, adults usually outnumbered the kids last week in the fast-growing electronic games departments of stores across the nation.

What is even more interesting than prospective riches for the toy companies, however, is the fact that many of the computer gadgets are both toys and teaching machines. As teachers they can form bonds of a sort—friendships?—with their pupils. And though two or more human beings can sometimes play against each other in computer games, it is clear to anyone who has tried the machines that the most fascinating interaction is between one person and one computer. Computer gaming, and learning, are solitary activities that do not seem solitary. The computer toys are starting to teach their owners not only a new kind of thinking, but what may amount to a strange new way of socializing. Says J. Fred Bucy, presi-

dent of Texas Instruments, the biggest producer of the silicon chips that are the brains of the little monsters, "I think schoolteachers in the next decade are going to see a new kind of animal walking through their doors."

A look at some of the toys the animals are turning on, and vice versa, this season:

Microvision. "I have a family and a responsible job. I'm supposed to be intelligent. I'm trying to get an important new project started for my company. So this"—the Manhattan communications executive looked in exasperation at the small plastic box he held in one hand—"is crazy. It just doesn't make any sense that I've spent all morning twiddling this knob." Then his expression changed to a high-voltage glint: "But look at that score!" The readout on the small, gray, liquid crystal screen said 542, which is middling-titanic for Blockbuster, the best of several mind-destroying games that can be played on the midget console. Blockbuster is a test of reflexes and anticipation; twiddling the machine's knob moves an electronic paddle back and forth across the bottom of the 1½-in.-square display

screen, and the object is to bounce an electronic bullet so that it destroys a wall, block by block. Milton Bradley Co.'s Microvision with Blockbuster, easily the best new electronic game this season, costs about \$50. Substituting faceplates, ranging from \$16.50 to \$18, changes the programming to such games as Pinball, also an agility test, or Connect Four, a good spatial relations puzzle.

Speak & Spell. This cheerful-looking little red box, made by Texas Instruments, signals for attention with a four-note tune when a child (or wondering adult) presses the On button. Then, when the Go button is pressed, the machine says, in a deep, pleasant, male voice, "Spell wash." The child presses W, and the machine pronounces the name of the letter: "Double-you." When the speller finishes punching the letter buttons, he presses Enter, and the machine says, "That is correct. Now spell extra." Or, if the speller has made a mistake, the machine says, "Wrong. Try again." The sentences are lifelike, and the pitch of the voice rises and falls in a normal way. Two wrong attempts bring the correct spelling, spoken aloud, and a new word to try. After ten words, another little tune plays, and the machine gives the speller's score, with special congratulations if all ten have been spelled correctly.

There are varying word lists—some repetitions, some new words—at each of four levels of difficulty. In addition, the machine plays word games, and can put messages into code. (It also spells any word aloud, when the proper buttons are pushed, and children discover quickly that when improper buttons are pushed, bad words are spelled. The shock value is considerable when the pleasant mechanical voice pronounces "Eff. You. See...") **Speak & Spell**, which sells for \$64.95, was dreamed up by a Texas Instruments products engineer named Paul Breedlove, who had worked in voice synthesis and thought that the concept might be used in a small teaching machine. The speller appeared on the market a year ago, and the only limit to sales now is, ironically, TI's inability to produce chips fast enough.

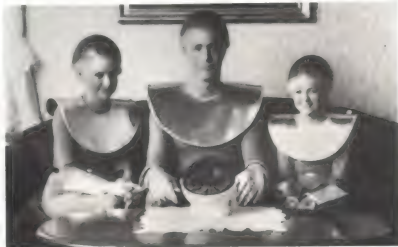
Voice Chess Challenger is a gabby and much smarter version of the computer chess player turned out by Fidelity Electronics nearly three years ago. Back then it seemed remarkable that a tiny computer could play chess at all, even though its play was less than brilliant. Now the chess ability of the reprogrammed chip is high enough to make any parlor wood-pusher loosen his collar and roll up his sleeves, and it is the machine's distinctly machine-like speech that is the dazzling gimmick. Turn the doodad on, and it says, dropping each word like a cinder block, "I—am—Fidelity's—Chess—Challenger—your—computer—opponent." The speech is by no means as friendly and natural sounding as **Speak & Spell**, but it is meant to intimidate adults, not encourage children. The voice has no great utility, except as a signal that

the machine has finished cogitating and is ready to play.

At "tournament practice," the sixth of ten levels, the Challenger is supposed to average three minutes of thought for each move, but in dodgy situations it will brood for 15 minutes or so, and the human player may well choose to spend his time worrying the dog or writing a threatening letter to the telephone company. The machine itself does not yet have a dog or a typewriter, and it becomes impatient within a couple of minutes when its opponent is thinking. Then it says, gruffly, "Enter—your—move." There is a useful voice turn-off button for such moments. Except for this bit of coffee-housing, Challenger has no small talk and no emotion, and after the human player has forced a perilous and gallant end-game win at level 6, it is a real disappointment to hear it say, uncaring and without expression: "I—lose." Voice Chess Challenger costs a pricey \$325, but you can pay that to have

pacifists who disapprove of Big Trak's flashing cannon. Fundimensions of Mount Clemens, Mich., makes a similar programmable beach buggy for \$39.95.

Space Laser Fight, Boxing and Football, all designed by a Japanese firm called Bambino, have the cleverest electronic displays on the market this year. In the football game, two teams, their lighted figures clearly seen as if from above, pass, kick and evade tacklers on a field that measures about 1 in. by 3 in. In **Space Laser Fight**, as in **Boxing**, two tiny figures—moving pictographs about 1/2 in. high that can crouch, jump and do battle—face each other and fight. The miniaturization is astonishing. Sound effects are imaginative and frequent: when a spaceman gets zapped by a pictograph showing smashed robot parts flashes on the screen), a descending scale of cheerful beeps is heard. The trouble with Bambino's products is that while the gadgetry is brilliant, the games themselves are not



TV commercial shows robot-like "Domeheads" playing **Computer Perfection** in living room. The future works, as it turns out, but only if they come home with more batteries.

a couple of teeth filled and get conversation no better. The cost seems justified for a machine that knows and can teach some 40 book openings, can play itself, do problems, and at its "infinite search" level, can ponder one move for weeks or more. No batteries are needed: Challenger runs on house current.

Big Trak is a six-wheeled tank that is quite endearing, as war machines go. Milton Bradley's big computer action toy chirps merrily as it sets out on its rounds, plays a little tune when it is finished, and then yips five times like an anxious puppy when it is left turned on and untended. Twenty-four glorious buttons on its carapace accomplish the programming. An eight-year-old achieves something impressive when he plans a complicated route under the dining room table to attack the cat and then translates his intentions into an orderly series of commands for the versatile machine.

Big Trak costs about \$43, and a dump trailer available separately costs \$13. For

very interesting. The problem is not restricted to Bambino: an observer suspects that in many cases (Microvision and **Speak & Spell** are notable exceptions), the engineers who made the toys have had more fun than will the kids who get them.

Superstar 3000 is a not-so-cheap (\$39.95) toy electric guitar with a sound synthesizer instead of strings and the ability to remember and play back tunes. The player presses touch-sensitive colored panels instead of frets: pressure at the top of the guitar neck produces a wah-wah or vibrato effect. But **Superstar 3000** looks and feels like junk, and doesn't sound like much. Toy musical instruments have always been disappointing, and computer chips haven't changed things.

Vegas 21 is a pocket calculator that will add up your check stubs, or if that seems dreary, deal hands of blackjack. Punch in your stake—why be cheap? Try \$50,000—and start betting. The odds, as in real life, favor the house, and two robots in camel's-hair overcoats

Living

come around to break your legs if you don't pay up.

Rom is a spaceman doll whose computer memory gives it a disappointingly narrow range of behavior. It breathes heavily (one of its better effects), buzzes, twitters and flashes its lighted eyes, and sounds ominous gongs, one for good and two for evil. The trouble with this Parker Bros. homunculus is that it looks as if it should be able to use its arms and legs like a true robot, and it can't. Rom will end up among the dust balls under the playroom sofa.

When hand-held computer toys and games first appeared on the market two years ago, retail sales climbed briskly to between \$35 million and \$40 million. This year's retail sales should be ten times greater (against total toy sales of about \$5.5 billion). The great leap forward came when Milton Bradley noticed that adults were buying its innovative Simon for themselves, and not just in the weeks before Christmas. The highly seasonal nature of toy buying has always been an industry bugaboo; after Christmas, retailers can get stuck with toys that won't sell.

Simon, an appealing plate-shaped puzzle that flashes sequences of colored lights and accompanying musical notes, challenges players to repeat the sequences and gives losers the raspberry, began to change that. Adults, suffering from what one industry thinker called "play deprivation," have not only bought Simon and the competing computer toys like this year's play-alike Computer Perfection, but also are more or less cheerfully paying \$40 to \$50 for them. That shattered forever the \$15 to \$20 level the industry had considered its average. Now more than 100 different hand-held computer toys crowd store shelves.

The toy industry has always been secretive and hysterical, and the advent of memory chips and voice synthesizers has not calmed things down. The designers of Simon, Marvin Glass & Associates of Chicago, refuse categorically to deal with the press. At the design department of Mattel, in California, "you knock on the door and they look at you through a little hole," according to one industry executive who has visited there. Inside, "these guys are all sitting around, and they've got little computers, and they're writing down figures and leafing through little books, and they scratch their heads, and then they say, 'Uh-uh, that's not right.'"

Bernie De Koven, 38, is the game designer for Ideal Toys, makers of last year's big-selling Electronic Detective—similar to Stop Thief, this year's Parker Bros. en-

try. His office is cluttered—a creative mulch of dolls' heads, car wheels, batteries, record-player motors, computer entrails, synthesizers and oscilloscopes—but he knows where the action is. "Try an experiment," says De Koven. "Bring in 30 of your most beautiful mechanical games and two cruddy electronic games to a group of kids, and see what happens."

De Koven, who used to invent and teach "socially interactive" games to educators and underprivileged children, thinks that electronic games are having an enormous impact on the ways in which children perceive themselves and their social realities. "You might almost say that childhood is tending toward a kind of au-



Examining computer games in Bloomingdale's Manhattan store
Addictive challenges to dexterity and mental sharpness.

tom and that children are seeking a way to stimulate themselves. With electronic games, they have it. You can play by yourself. It's real exciting. You can carry the games anywhere. They look neat. They cause envy. They're expensive possessions so consequently there's a whole status relationship. 'I don't need anybody. I got my game.'"

Presumably the computer children will retain some links with society. In any case, if the silicon-chip industry can gear up its production to meet the insatiable demands of the toymakers, the computer-synthesized siren songs heard by flesh-and-blood members of the population are sure to become even more beguiling.

The visual qualities of the games will improve quickly. Bambino has a two-color or display system in the works that would allow one football team to wear blue uniforms and one to wear red, for instance. TV games, overshadowed this year, should attract more interest when Mattel Electronics introduces Intellivision, a game system with realistic, multicolored graphic displays. Learning capability can be built into small computers. The costs will be higher, but if customers will pay \$40 this year, they may pay \$75 next year.

What is not likely to change is that the games that succeed will work because they use their memory chips and lighted readouts to create melodrama.

The best example now in production is a brilliant quarter-arcade game called Space Invaders. It is a reaction-time contest: shoot down the massed, marching aliens shown on the big TV screen before they shoot you. The refinements are satanic. The player has four blockhouses behind which to hide his man, but as the blockhouses catch fire under attack, they crumble. As the sound effects become more ominous, the aliens begin to shoot faster and more accurately. Blast them all—*whew!*—and another phalanx appears, nearer and more menacing. The action is jitteringly fast, and the tension is worsened by a sense of foreboding: as in life itself, there can be only one end to the struggle. At last the heroic player dies, overwhelmed. He is limp, drained, defeated, and his only satisfaction is the knowledge that he has offed a lot of aliens. Current hard-to-believe heroic high scores by a Chicago player, 187,520, and a 257,000 claimed by a Pennsylvania college student, Midway Mfg. Co. of Illinois has sold 40,000 of the machines in a year, and, yes, you can buy one for your rec room for \$2,000 to \$2,500.

The powerful element of fantasy in Space Invaders is the focus at which the computer technicians, the toy manufacturers and

the games theorists seem likeliest to meet. Computer boffins at Manhattan's Rockefeller University play a game called Hunt the Wumpus, in which the Ph.D.-devouring Wumpus is hunted through the perils of a 20-room cave. Computer language is flat and resonant, and Hunt the Wumpus lacks a certain dash. But a toymaker may say: "Give me a way to display a Wumpus! Make him buzz and light up!" and next Christmas everyone may be going into debt to buy an expensive, electronic Wumpus Wars. By then, civilization as we have already started to forget it will have disappeared beneath a pile of spent alkaline cells.

—John Skow

CARS PEOPLE SWEAR BY. NOT AT.

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Religion

Toward "the Tomorrow of God"

A Pope and a Patriarch embrace ecumenism and each other

It was the Feast of St. Andrew, a patron saint of Eastern Orthodoxy, and a visitor had come to a dingy cathedral in a slum quarter of Istanbul, the last refuge of Orthodoxy's symbolic center, the once mighty Patriarchate of the Byzantine Empire. There last week, sitting opposite the crowned and richly vested Ecumenical Patriarch Dimitrios I, Pope John Paul II became the first Pontiff in nine centuries to join in an Orthodox Eucharistic service. Though the Pope did not partake of Communion, he quietly hummed along with the chants and made the sign of the cross Eastern style, right to left.

Words matched gestures. Dimitrios announced the establishment of a joint commission of theologians that will work to resolve differences. The first meeting is expected next spring. In a joint statement, the two leaders said the goal of the talks is nothing less than "re-establishment of full communion" between the world's 700 million Roman Catholics and more than a dozen self-governing branches of Eastern Orthodoxy that together include an estimated 125 million believers. A new spirit of warmth had begun when Pope Paul VI and Ecumenical Patriarch Athenagoras I met in Jerusalem at the Mount of Olives in 1964. Now under their successors, Dimitrios, 65, and John Paul, 59, a second and more difficult phase is beginning.

John Paul's quiet reception among the Islamic populace contrasted with his tumultuous tours in Mexico, Poland, Ireland and the U.S. Security was tight during his three days in Turkey. A courtesy call on Premier Süleyman Demirel in Ankara stirred virtual press attacks on the papacy. The Pope mildly urged Turkey's oppressed Christian minority to esteem Islam for its shared moral and religious values. Dimitrios, in a pointed reference to events in Iran, deplored the "tragedy" of rising "religious fanaticism" and the "self-destruction of men and their faith, always in the name of God." In Istanbul, John Paul made brief tourist stops at Topkapı Palace and the ancient basilica of the Patriarchate of Constantinople, Hagia Sophia (Holy Wisdom), which became a mosque after the Turks conquered the city in 1453, and is now a museum.

The Great Schism between these two

branches of Christianity is traditionally dated from mutual excommunications hurled in 1054 by Rome and Constantinople (as Istanbul was called until 1930). In 1204 Crusaders sacked Constantinople and temporarily installed a Latin-rite Patriarch. Today there are still differences about such matters as divorce (the Orthodox permit it on grounds of adultery and allow no more than three marriages



West meets East as John Paul II is greeted by Dimitrios I in Istanbul. More than divorce or the Nicene Creed, the papacy is the problem.

in a lifetime), and especially the Nicene Creed. The Orthodox insist on the original wording of the creed, in which the Holy Spirit "proceeds from the Father." Catholicism adds that the Spirit proceeds from "the Father and the Son."

The overwhelming difficulty about full reunion is the power and the office of the papacy itself. The Orthodox hold that religious authority derives from the church as a whole and is expressed through ecumenical councils. In Catholicism, the Pope is the ultimate arbiter. This split seemingly became unbridgeable in 1870 when the First Vatican Council declared papal infallibility in formal

teachings and defined the Pope's "immediate" jurisdiction over every diocese in the world. Orthodoxy might accept the Pope as primate, but only as a first among equals with the right to initiate and coordinate action, a slow and often exasperating process now followed by the Ecumenical Patriarchate with the independent branches within the Orthodox Church. If the Pope accepted such a condition, he would be reverting to his status during the first eight centuries after Christ, something that few Catholics can imagine happening.

In some ways, though, the two churches are already united. The Second Vatican Council declared that the Orthodox "possess true sacraments, above all—by apostolic succession—the priesthood and the Eucharist." In other words it saw virtually no doctrinal barrier to joint Communion, which is not yet the case with any other Christian body. For the Orthodox, however, Communion should be shared only when full doctrinal accord is achieved.

The Ecumenical Patriarchate is anxious to pursue unity in part because of its own precarious existence and dwindling flock in Turkey, which has dropped from 80,000 in 1955 to 6,000 today. The situation was poignantly clear when only 250 people (including reporters) attended last week's historic Eucharist. But Dimitrios' effort could be frustrated by Orthodoxy's largest branch, the Church of Russia, which rivals the Ecumenical Patriarchate's authority and is inhibited in any pursuit of Christian unity by the wishes of the Soviet state. To the Kremlin, Catholicism is an alien influence that stirs up Ukrainian and Lithuanian nationalism and threatens Soviet power.

Given the tense state of the world, there is much to be gained simply by the pursuit of ecumenism, however long the road may eventually be. Before his trip to Turkey, John Paul told Catholic ecumenists from 59 nations that Christian divisions "impair the credibility of Christ himself" and hinder the spread of the Gospel. He has also insisted that Christians must act together, not merely striving for doctrinal harmony but bearing joint witness in defense of human rights, the pursuit of social justice and peace, and on questions of public morality. "The moral life and the life of faith," he has said, "are deeply united." Concluded Patriarch Dimitrios, after the historic embrace: "The meeting today is destined for the tomorrow of God."

Medicine

Aiding Nature

Help for the impotent

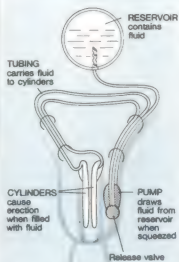
It happens to every man sooner or later: eager to have sex, he finds himself impotent, unable to achieve or sustain an erection. For most men such disappointments are fleeting episodes in otherwise successful sex lives. But for perhaps as many as 10 million American males impotence is a devastating chronic condition. When the cause is psychological, which may be true in about half of all cases, counseling and sex therapy can often help. But for most impotence resulting from physical problems, only one remedy is available: the penile implant. Though the public is generally unaware of these mechanical devices, which can mimic a natural erection, they have been implanted in tens of thousands of U.S. males ranging in age from under 19 to over 80.

A normal erection results from a complex interaction of forces. Mental or physical stimulation sets off a series of nervous reflexes that increase blood flow to the penis. As the blood fills the corpora cavernosa, two rod-shaped bundles of spongy tissue running the length of the organ, the penis expands, becoming hard and erect. But the sexual response is fragile; it can easily be disrupted by emotional or physical problems (some, like an excess of alcohol, temporary).

For men facing permanent impotence resulting from surgery for cancers in the pelvic region, diabetes, spinal cord injuries or other physical causes—and for those whose problem is psychological in origin and is not helped by therapy—two kinds of penile implants are available. In one operation, which takes about an hour, an incision is made in the penis or just behind the scrotum and a semi-rigid silicone rod is inserted into each of the corpora cavernosa. Another technique is to implant only one rod between the two structures. The most popular device, developed in 1972 by Urologists Michael Small and Hernan Carrion of the University of Miami School of Medicine, has a somewhat inconvenient result: a permanent erection. But a jock strap or tight shorts make it undetectable under street clothes. Some doctors now insert bendable rods that can be turned downward.

The other, less widely used implant is an inflatable prosthesis, developed in 1973 by Baylor University Urologist F. Brantley Scott. Neurologist William Bradley and Bioengineer Gerald Timm. It too requires only a short operation, usually about an hour and a half. Through an incision in the abdomen or the scrotum, two expandable balloon-like cylinders are slipped into the corpora cavernosa. The cylinders are connected by tubing to a small spherical reservoir filled

INFLATABLE PROSTHESIS



Source: American Medical Systems Inc.
TIME Diagram by V. Pijpers

with fluid (which is placed near the bladder under the muscles of the abdominal wall) and to a pump (inserted into the scrotum). To achieve erection, a man squeezes the pump several times, forcing fluid into the cylinders and distending the penis. The process is reversed by pressing a release valve on the pump.

Potency does not come cheap. Rod implant surgery runs around \$3,500, including hospitalization; for the inflatable prosthesis the cost can go as high as \$9,000. Despite the expense, which some medical insurance does not cover, the operations are becoming increasingly popular, and doctors performing them say that implanted men are among the happiest patients they have ever seen.

Others are not so sure. Psychiatrist Sonja Kramarsky-Binkhorst of Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn interviewed 31 women whose partners had had the semi-rigid silicone implants; 13 said the couple were not totally satisfied with the result. Among the complaints: the small size and relative flexibility of the penis. In 29 other cases, the men refused to allow interviews with their partners. Kramarsky-Binkhorst also discovered that some men had not told their wives about the surgery and were now sexually active elsewhere. Comments Psychiatrist Domeena Renshaw of Loyola's Sexual Dysfunction Training Clinic outside Chicago: "If there were marital problems that were not resolved before the surgery, then afterward they will still be there."

Many physicians encourage counseling of the partner before and after surgery and some, like Dr. Robert Wickham of Manhattan's Roosevelt Hospital or Dr.

Ralph Benson of the University of Wisconsin Medical School, insist on it. But others, like New York University's Dr. Jordan Brown, are "not sure the partner of my patient is of equal concern." Baylor Plastic Surgeon Frank Gerow is more blunt. Says he: "It's important that women not be superfamiliar with what's being done. This is a man's operation for a man's problem."

Pregnant Sex

Does it harm the baby?

Sex during pregnancy has long been one of medicine's gray areas. Obstetricians, with little and conflicting evidence to go on, variously advise couples concerned about harming the baby to abstain totally during pregnancy, to do whatever they want in any month, or to forgo orgasm in later months because it causes uterine contractions and might induce premature labor. Most often, they recommend avoiding intercourse during the last four to six weeks of pregnancy. Now comes a report that is bound to disturb expecting couples—perhaps unnecessarily.

Analyzing the outcome of almost 27,000 pregnancies, Pathologist Richard Naeye of Pennsylvania's Hershey Medical Center found that infections of the amniotic fluid cushioning the fetus, and the subsequent death of the baby, were more frequent among women who had intercourse in the month before delivery than in those who abstained. Also, according to his report in last week's *New England Journal of Medicine*, certain other problems, including respiratory distress and jaundice, were twice as common in infants whose mothers had been sexually active in their last month.

Dr. Naeye speculates that sperm or enzymes in the seminal fluid may somehow aid bacteria in penetrating the cervix and entering the uterus. But both Naeye and obstetricians are cautious about any wholesale proscriptions of sexual activity during pregnancy. They point out that the births studied took place between 1959 and 1966, when the fetal and infant death rate was much higher than now. Thus improved methods of caring for expectant mothers and newborn infants may have obviated some of the harm that could result from sex during pregnancy. Also, the analysis did not take into account the effect of intercourse before the last month.

A reasonable recommendation, suggests Dr. Arthur Herbst, chairman of obstetrics and gynecology at the University of Chicago in an editorial accompanying the report, is for women with a history of miscarriage—or whose cervix has begun to dilate—to avoid intercourse and orgasm in the last trimester.



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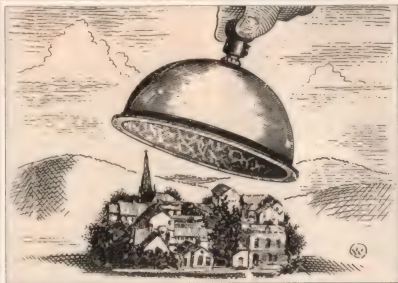
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Environment



A Dome for Winooski?

A far-out scheme could reduce the city's heating bills

Like other New England cities and towns, Winooski (pop. 7,500), Vt., has every reason to fret about rising heating costs. During the long winter, temperatures there frequently plummet to -20° F or lower. But some Winooskians think they may have found a way to beat their rising oil bills. They are seriously looking into the idea of covering the town with a dome to reduce the escape of heat. Says the dome's chief proponent, Community Development Director Mark Tigan: "It would be the ultimate in Yankee ingenuity."

The idea of Winooski's dome began as a flight of fancy a few months ago during a meeting called by the town fathers to discuss energy needs. But as Tigan, 32, thought more about the idea, he decided it was worthwhile pursuing seriously. Sounding out officials in Washington, he found them most receptive; they suggested that Winooski apply formally to the Department of Housing and Urban Development for a grant to study the feasibility of the dome.

When Tigan's dome lobbying became known, some New Englanders were openly scornful. The *Free Press* in neighboring Burlington asked how, for example, overheating could be prevented in summer as the sun beat down on the dome. Tigan shrugged off the criticism, pointing out that domes had been successfully used to cover part of the U.S. base at the South Pole, airplane hangars in Saudi Arabia, and a housing development in Alberta, Canada. By his reckoning, the dome could reduce residential heating bills alone by as much as 90%, a saving of \$3.5 million.

Tigan has no inkling yet of such details as whether the dome would be inflatable or rigid, what it would be made of, how air would be circulated, or even roughly how much it might cost. An artist's rendering commissioned by the town shows a structure about 200 ft. high at its center (enough to clear the town's tallest building, eleven stories high), covering a square mile of Winooski; it is transparent on its southern side, where there are also solar panels to catch the sun's rays, and becomes gradually opaque on the northern exposure. The principal entry points are two half-buried tubes that would serve as the major cross streets. Travel inside the dome would be by electric cars or monorail—to avoid lethal accumulations of automobile exhaust. Still, Tigan admits the project's "human dimensions" must be explored. One member of the city council, which last month approved a request for \$55,000 in federal money to make the feasibility study, wondered how residents would feel about no longer being able to do cross-country skiing from their front doors.

Despite such practical questions, Winooski's dome is stirring widespread interest. Tigan has been besieged with requests for radio and television interviews. He has also had an indirect boost from Buckminster Fuller, father of the geodesic dome. Says Shoji Sadao, Fuller's partner in the New York architectural firm of Fuller & Sadao: "Maybe we're getting out of the realm where this is just a pipe dream or visionary, and slowly getting into the realm of the practical." Maybe. ■

Schmoo Tree

It gives food and fuel

With a tall, slender trunk and a ragged umbrella of drooping green leaves, it looks like a mimosa. But the tropical *Leucaena leucocephala* is a bit different from other trees: in tropical climates it grows as high as 65 ft. in five years. That makes it a prime candidate for reforestation projects in overlogged and wood-short Third World countries. The tree is also sort of a botanical schmoo: undemanding itself, it provides a bountiful array of foods and fuels.

That is the word being spread by Forestry Expert Michael Bengé, an employee of the federal Agency for International Development, who has become a bureaucratic Johnny Appleseed for the leucaena. Bengé reports that in some tropical lands, leaves from the tree are eaten like candy by children and, dipped in a pepper sauce, as a tasty hors d'oeuvre by adults. Its seed pods are chewed or stewed or painted as tourist trinkets; the seeds can be ground as a surrogate for flour or coffee. Better yet, the leaves can be used for protein-rich cattle feed, and nitrogen-fixing bacteria on the roots help to fertilize the soil. Because of its rapid growth, the tree could become a vital source of the firewood still used to cook food by 75% of the world's population. Its wood can be processed into charcoal or a flammable gas—or used for building houses and furniture and making paper pulp.

The secret of the leucaena's rapid growth is in its roots; they extend as deep as the tree is tall. That enables it to soak up nutrients below the reach of other plants. Growing on the leucaena roots are fungi called mycorrhizae that help by absorbing phosphorus compounds that cannot be used by most plants, and converting them into forms that can nourish the tree. Then too the steady dropping of leaves provides rich nutrition for other plants.

For Bengé, the leucaena has held a fascination since the mid-1960s, when he learned of it on an agricultural project in Viet Nam. A prisoner of the North Vietnamese from 1968 to 1973, he returned to the U.S. and helped herald its wonders to a growing list of tropical countries suffering deforestation. A group of Haitians now plans to grow 12,000 acres of leucaenas. The Philippines has its own ambitious leucaena program; so too do India and Indonesia. In fact the only signs of indifference Bengé has found are in his own federal agency. But he will not be deterred. "They say, 'All you do is talk about leucaena,'" he reports of his superiors. "I say, why not go with a winner?" ■

*A mythical AI Capp creature that provided Li'l Abner and friends with unlimited supplies of milk, butter and eggs.

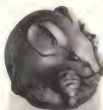
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Milestones

MARRIED. Amanda Burden, 36, fashion-plate daughter of the late society queen Barbara ("Babe") Paley; and Steven Ross, 52, acquisition-minded chairman of Warner Communications; both for the second time; in East Hampton, N.Y.

MARRIED. Erik Estrada, 30, heartthrob highway cop in NBC-TV's *CHIPS* series; and Joyce Miller, 39; he for the first time, she for the second; in Las Vegas.

MARRIED. Kurt Vonnegut, 57, novelist-laureate of the counterculture generation (*Slaughterhouse-Five*, *Jailbird*); and his companion of nine years, Jill Krementz, 39, a Manhattan photographer-author (*A Very Young Dancer*); he for the second time, she for the first; in New York City.

SEPARATED. Bruce Jenner, 30, Olympic decathlon champion in 1976, now an ABC sports commentator and Wheaties spokesman; and his ex-stewardess wife, Chrystie; after seven years of marriage, one son.

SEEKING DIVORCE. Kris Kristofferson, 43, hunky, bearded actor-troubadour; and sultry Pop Singer Rita Coolidge, 34; after six years of marriage, one daughter; in Los Angeles.

DIED. Jerome Cavanagh, 51, Detroit's mayor from 1962 to 1970; of a heart attack; in Lexington, Ky. Cavanagh rose to national prominence as an early champion of federal aid for decaying urban centers, but his political fortunes collapsed in the wake of his city's 1967 race riots.

DIED. Joyce Grenfell, 69, lanky, toothy British comedienne known for her hilarious one-woman shows and film portrayals of such dotty spinsters as the policewoman who poses as a girls' school sports mistress in the 1954 farce *The Belles of St. Trinian's*; of cancer; in London.

DIED. Herbert ("Zeppo") Marx, 78, last of the madcap Marx brothers, of lung cancer; in Palm Springs, Calif. The youngest Marx was pulled out of high school to replace his brother Gummie, who left the family vaudeville team before it moved to Hollywood. Cast as the straight man, Zeppo joined Chico (who died in 1961), Harpo (1964) and Groucho (1977) in five classic films, but he tired of his role and left the group after the release of *Duck Soup* in 1933. "He was a lousy actor," grouched Groucho, "and he got out as soon as he could." But Zeppo eventually became the richest of the brothers, working variously as a talent agent, an airplane parts manufacturer and a citrus grower. His marriages (one to the current Mrs. Frank Sinatra), gambling spree and occasional public scraps kept him in the limelight when Hollywood no longer did, but he spent his last years quietly in a Palm Springs mobile home.

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Theater

Lady Be Good

NIGHT AND DAY

by Tom Stoppard

Tom Stoppard is a rabbit breeder of words—button-tailed, twitchy-nosed, big-eared, bright-eyed and always on the hop. Onstage, words do lead to talk, too much talk, perhaps, in this play, but much of it is exhilaratingly Shavian. In the new guise of a didact, Stoppard comes out for a free press ("Information is light").

However, he does have skeptical reservations about journalism and regards reporters as hostages to the whims, slants and manias of press tycoons. *Night and Day*, like some British journalism, is partially caught in a time warp with *The Front Page* and the yen for scoops.

The locale is Africa. Reporters are bee-swarming on the scent of deep trouble in the emergent nation of Kambawe. The dictator, President Mageeba (Clarence Williams III), is toughing it out with a rival faction. Three newshounds converge on the opulent, isolated home of Geoffrey Carson (Joseph Maher), a British businessman with the most mines to lose. Dick Wagner (Paul Hecht) is a hard-bitten Aussie, and a staunch unionist with a habit of regarding the *Daily Globe*, his



Maggie Smith in *Night and Day*

Amusingly seductive and weary of it all.

paper, as larger than the earthly one. He is visibly miffed to find that an idealistic fledgling staff writer, Jacob Milne (Peter Evans), has scored a beat on him by interviewing the rebel leader. The trio is completed by a photographer (Dwight Schultz) who has apparently seen something of this increasingly nebulous struggle. As the play progresses, all the gentlemen in it begin to resemble rhetorical wallpaper.

The magnet of the evening is Maggie Smith as Carson's wife Ruth. She seems to have slithered out of a Noël Coward comedy. Sophisticated, weary of it all, and restless, Ruth is given to brisk interior monologues, like "Help!" or "Watch it Tallulah!" Stoppard has given her a tasty collation of epigrams, and her delivery is succulent. Of her one-night London stand with Wagner, she notes that "hotel rooms constitute a separate moral universe." She develops a sensual fantasy crush on Milne and is heart-wrenchingly crushed when he is killed. Seductively comic, and amusingly seductive, Smith must challenge the aggressive charmlessness of Broadway's ANTA Theater, a house to which she rightly objected. Playing the ANTA stage is like pitching a tent in the Sahara. If the agile firm of Stoppard and Smith can hold this ground, Stoppard will be most beholden to Smith.

—T.E. Kalem

Law

How Far Can Congress Go?

High court considers another affirmative-action program

For the third time in two years, the Supreme Court is deciding a major reverse discrimination claim. The issue this time is not the permissibility of racial quotas for professional school admissions (as in the *Bakke* decision of 1978) or of company job-training programs (as in last summer's *Weber* ruling), but of a congressional award of a share of federally financed local public works contracts to minority-controlled businesses. The case, on which the nine high court Justices heard oral arguments last week, should help to further define the still murky limits to which affirmative-action programs may go in redressing racial imbalances.

The case, called *Fullilove vs. Kreps*, focuses on a 1977 federal law authorizing grants to local governments for public projects with \$4 billion to be allocated by Dec. 31, 1978. Noting that minority-controlled companies had been getting only 1% of all Government contracts, Maryland Democrat Parren Mitchell proposed an amendment guaranteeing such firms 10% of the \$4 billion. The amendment

passed, to the distress of the construction industry. All told, 27 suits were filed charging that the 10% set-aside was unconstitutional. *Fullilove*, the case that the Supreme Court chose to hear, was brought by H. Earl Fullilove and other officials of several New York contractors' associations. For them, it had been a rocky road to Washington: two federal district courts had upheld the program.

In last week's arguments, the plaintiffs' lawyers maintained that the 10% set-aside was wrong because Congress should order quotas only when it had made "detailed findings" of past discrimination, which it had not done in the case of construction contracts. Moreover, they insisted, the size of the set-aside itself was arbitrary. "Why 10%?" asked one of the attorneys. "Why not 4%—the number of black contractors in the United States?" Fullilove himself is fearful about the lack of restraint on quota setting. A 10% set-aside might conceivably be tolerable, he says, but the problem is that "next

time around it might be 15% or 25%."

Arguing for the Government, Assistant Attorney General Drew Days maintained that Congress had no need to provide a detailed justification for the 10% set-aside, since it had "unique competence" to right past wrongs as it saw fit. Although the Government had been trying to help minority businesses in various ways for ten years, going back to the Nixon Administration's "black capitalism" campaign, Days said, "Congress concluded that these measures simply had not worked," and that quotas therefore were necessary.

As a principle, affirmative action has four apparently solid votes on the court, at least if *Bakke* and *Weber* are a guide: Justices Brennan, Marshall, White and Blackmun. The decisive fifth vote might depend on the particular facts of this case. Constitutional Scholar Laurence Tribe thinks this vote could be attracted by the fact that the set-aside is "more of a carrot than a stick" to help minorities.

While the court will have to rule on the program's constitutionality, there is no dispute about its effectiveness: minority-controlled construction firms eventually garnered not just 10% but 19% of the Government's \$4 billion in public works contracts.

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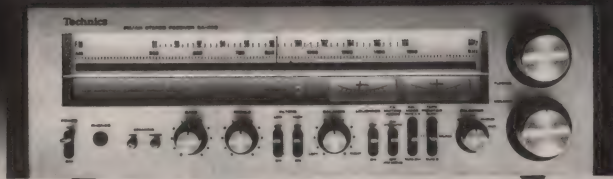
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People



McNichol as Jo Butler astride Gifford in a scene from *My Old Man*

Those must be the scarlet and white silks of the CBS-TV stable that **Kristy McNichol**, 17, is wearing as she sits astride a big mount named Gifford. The tomboy of the *Family* sitcom series stars this week in *My Old Man*, a TV movie in which she is Jo Butler, the track-wise daughter of a down-on-his-luck horse trainer, played by **Warren Oates**. The film is out of a short story of the same title by **Ernest Hemingway**, but the bloodline is a little thin. Joe Butler, the American boy in Hemingway's tale about seedy racing in Europe between the wars, never got to ride Gifford. McNichol does, and if you want to know how she fares, tune in.

Turning 83, famed American Composer-Critic **Virgil Thomson** proved to be as *vivace* as the music he has written for every mode from concert hall to films over half a century. Tendered a birthday party at Brentano's bookstore in Manhattan, Thomson ignored the limousine that had been sent to fetch him from his apartment in the *fin de siècle* Chelsea Hotel and marched to the festivities on his own. He also chose stairs instead of an elevator and a hard chair rather than a soft one, but he did consent to pose at the piano with his cake and a group of fellow musicians that included Conductor **André Kostelanetz** and



Party time in New York: Thomson, Kostelanetz and Short at Brentano's, Onassis at Studio 54

Pianist **Bobby Short**. That did not mean that the feisty composer had been defused. When one admirer became too mushy, the balding Thomson protested: "Get this man out of my hair."

"This time," sighed a friend, "Christina's caprice has cost her \$10 million." That presumably includes the tanker and the London flat that **Christina Onassis**, 29, Greek shipping heiress and stepdaughter of **Jacqueline Onassis**, has turned over to her estranged third husband, former Soviet Maritime Executive **Sergei Kauzov**, by way of closing the books on an unhappy 15-month marriage. She hated

their Moscow apartment even though Kauzov, as a worker and husband of a notable foreign person, was allowed more space than most Muscovites. He was discomfited by her idle pleasures, including those lazy, sunny lunches on Skorpios. Said one of her chums: "How could he, for instance, accept eating under a parasol held for him by a servant dressed all in white?" Christina's whirl is now Manhattan, where she went discoing at Studio 54 last week with **Nikos Boskias**, a childhood friend whose family is also into ships.

There are some moves that the Soviet Union's World Champion Chessmaster **Anatoly Karpov**, 28, would probably prefer no one kept track of,



New Father Anatoly Karpov

including his wedding five months ago to fetching **Irina Kulmova**, 25. Certainly TASS chose not to. Announcing the birth in Moscow of a son to the Karpovs, the newspaper recalled only that the couple had been married "this year."

On the Record

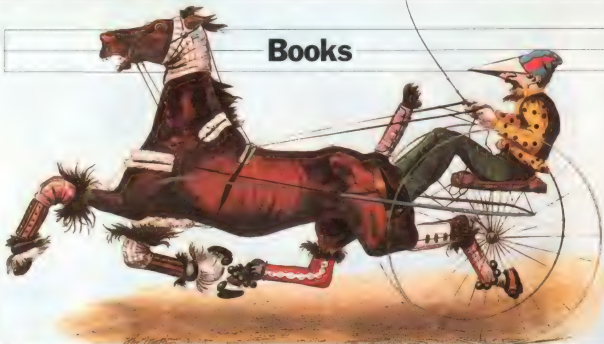
Thomas Monetti, Waldorf-Astoria catering executive: "People eat more mousse in crisis situations. Maybe it's easier to spoon up than pie or cake."

João Baptista Figueiredo, hippophile President of Brazil, on the oil crisis: "The only solution is to tighten belts, walk and keep a horse in your corral."

Natalie Wood, actress (*Meteor*), on critics: "Anyone who says it doesn't hurt when they zap you is not to be believed."



Books



Nathaniel Currier and James Merritt Ives' *A Crack Trotter*, showing 19th century harness

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A Christmas of art, nature, history and chuckles

OVER \$75

Giorgio Vasari was the Boswell of the 16th century art world. He was also its Sammy Glick. As a painter and architect he outshined many of his betters for commissions in the courts of Florence, Rome, Naples and Bologna. Vasari had an

inflated opinion of his talent as a painter, so it is something of an irony that he is remembered chiefly for his *Lives of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors and Architects*, an informal, even gossipy collection of biographical studies of the great and near great of Italian art. This boxed three-volume re-edition, translated by Gaston Du C. de Vere (Abrams, 2323 pages; \$225), is of high quality on the inside with gemlike tip-ins, though a touch tacky on the outside with spines of imitation leather. Real cloth would have been classier.

A Celtic coin

In 1894 a surplus of ivory coming out of the Congo prompted the Belgian government to offer the material free to sculptors. Many accepted, and the ivory statuette soon stood tall in the art deco movement. *Isadora Duncan* by Alberto Savinio (Franco Maria Ricci, 184 pages; \$125) shows just how exquisite some of

these miniature sculptures became. All works pictured here were inspired, in one way or another, by the blithe spirit of American Dancer Isadora Duncan. Artists like Demeter Chiparus and Friederich Preiss, whose names are familiar today only to collectors, shaped ivory as if it were butter; the dancing figures they carved were adorned with bronze and stood or reclined on bases of marble or onyx. Many of the statuettes hover at the brink of kitsch, but their brilliant colors and glowing surfaces (clearly reproduced in the tipped-in illustrations) must be seen to be believed.

From their printing shop in Lower Manhattan, Nathaniel Currier and James Merritt Ives taught 19th century America to see itself. Their lithographs re-created urban and rural growth, disasters, the opening of the West and a vast anthology

Woman Washing Hair from Japan: Photographs



Eagle owl from *A Passion for Birds*

of occupations and pastimes. *The Great Book of Currier & Ives' America* by Walton Rawls (Abbeyville Press, 488 pages; \$85) is ponderous to heft but impossible to put down. Author Rawls' text is a lively history of these remarkable illustrators, their entrepreneurial triumphs and their battles with an alarming new enemy, the photograph. Better still are the more than 400 illustrations, culled from the 7,000-plus lithographs that Currier & Ives issued.

Kilims, or flat-woven rugs, have long been considered the poor relatives of the Oriental knotted pile rugs that have proved to be one of the best—though specialized—hedgies against inflation in recent years. *Kilims* by Yanni Petsopoulos with Michael Frances (Rizzoli, 394 pages; \$85) gives these weavings their proper due. It should be welcomed by both collectors and decorators.



Ivory figures in Isadora Duncan

the former because the author has provided clear and much needed scholarship on origins and techniques, the latter because of the rare and glorious examples of kilims from Anatolia, the Caucasus and Persia that are reproduced in the book's spectacular color photos.

\$30-\$75

Drawing may be defined as the "art of representing the colored mass of objects or recording one's inner visions on a thin flat surface by means of lines which do not exist in nature." That, at least, is the explanation offered in *Drawing* by Genevieve Monnier and Bernice Rose (Rizzoli, 278 pages, \$75), and it seems as good as any. The 365 illustrations (100 of them in color) span virtually all of drawing's long history. The text offers not only an informative historical survey but also a technical guide to the various kinds of materials that artists have used.

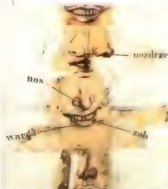
Housed in a building that itself appears capable of flight, the National Air and Space Museum is unquestionably the biggest tourist attraction in Washington. C.D.B. Bryan's *The National Air and Space Museum* (Abrams, 504 pages, \$50) should prove just as big an attraction on the coffee table. One reason this book works is its photography, done with knowledge and passion by Michael Freeman, Robert Golden and Dennis Rolfe, whether showing a venerable DC-3 as it makes



Grumman Gulfhawk, from *The National Air and Space Museum*



Waterloo charge depicted in painting by Lady Elizabeth Butler, from *Famous Land Battles*



Larry Rivers' Polish Vocal Lesson
Right: from *Broadway Musicals*



Serigraph of Woman Reading, with cat, from Will Barnet

Books

its way through the heavy traffic suspended from the museum's rafters, capturing the streamlined power of a Lockheed F-104 Starfighter or catching an earthrise on the moon.

The Broadway musical is a kinetic compound of electrically charged energy, precision teamwork, spectacular razzle-dazzle, and the visceral urge to make that golden killing. Drama Critic Martin Gottfried astutely captures all of that and more in *Broadway Musicals* (Abrams: 353 pages; \$45). After nearly 20 years on the aisle, he provides a knowledgeable guided tour through every avenue and aspect of hits from *Oklahoma!* to *A Chorus Line*. In this era of scrimp and save, the 395 black-and-white and color photographs are something of a rarity.

Celts probably never possessed so grand a vision as seen in *The Celtic World* by Barry Cunliffe (McGraw-Hill: 224 pages; \$39.95). But grand they were. Their language and culture spread across the ancient world from Anatolia to Iberia, from the Danube to the edges of the British Isles. They were artisans of genius, yet they fought like madmen, striking a respectful fear in ancient chroniclers by sacking Rome in 390 B.C. In this sweeping, lucid and amply illustrated history, Barry Cunliffe becomes their bard, celebrating the fact that the Celts endure.

Written by the British art critic and historian Ian Dunlop, *Degas* (Harper & Row: 240 pages; \$37.50) is by far the best introduction to the life and work of the painter of boulevards and ballet dancers now in print. A student of Ingres's and the great contemporary of Manet, Flaubert



Marching Bag-Pipers from Edward Hopper as Illustrator

A flat-woven rug pictured in *Kilims*



and the Goncourt brothers, Degas was one of those ocular witnesses without whom the cultural life of France in the 19th century cannot be understood; and no writer has done a better job of placing this tetchy, formidable genius, with his astonishing powers of observation and his bitter tongue ("Whistler, you behave as though you have no talent"), within the milieu of his time. Dunlop writes with warm understanding of Degas's paintings, discussing them without jargon; and his plain, elegantly turned prose does much to catch the "mysterious and fugitive beauty to many of his pictures which is apt to disappear under the scholarly microscope."

In *Drawings and Digressions* (Potter: 264 pages; \$35), Larry Rivers offers candid reminiscences about his life and work, drugs and wives. As a playful realist, Rivers stood apart from the abstract expressionism that dominated the New York art world of the '50s. His individualism and vitality are well represented in this handsome album with witty paintings like *Washington Crossing the Delaware*, as well as the studies for some of his best-known works, *Dutch Masters*, *French Money* and *Rainbow Rembrandt*.

'Tis not the season to be jolly for baseball addicts: the World Series is long since over and spring training seems a wintry way off. Yet some holiday cheer is at hand in *The Ultimate Baseball Book*, edited by Daniel Okrent and Harris Lewine (Houghton Mifflin: 352 pages; \$35), as generous a gift to the hot-stove league as any fan could wish. The editors offer a decade-by-decade history of the national pastime interspersed with nine essays on individual topics. Best of all are the hundreds of

Memorabilia from *The Ultimate Baseball Book*



16th century watercolor from *Drawing*



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Books

photographs, many dating back to the game's earliest seasons; and the reproductions of old baseball cards, programs and other assorted memorabilia

UNDER \$30

Royal connections aside, Lord Snowdon has an éclat of his own; he is a smashingly good photographer. In this wittily written, visually provocative **Snowdon: A Photographic Autobiography** (Times Books, 239 pages, \$29.95), Princess Margaret's ex offers a collection dazzling in its sweep and range. Fleet Street's Lord Beaverbrook, looking like a longshoreman, peers out of one page, scruffy Liverpool slum children out of another. The familiar becomes uncommon: a demoniacal Laurence Olivier in *The Entertainer*, a pop-eyed Alec Guinness in *Hotel Paradiso*. There is some royal family fun—Princess Alice, 95, looking every inch a queen, next to a shot of Queen Elizabeth II looking every inch a grandmother. And just when the reader thinks "Where is she?" a stunning portrait of Princess Margaret, taken a dozen long years ago.

Vendors of sake, pickled vegetables and straw baskets mingle with *kago* (chair) bearers, itinerant priests and the more familiar samurai, geisha, and sumo wrestlers in **Japan: Photographs 1854-1905**, edited by Clark Worswick (Knopf, 151 pages, \$25). Drawn from hundreds of European and Japanese prints, these 120 photos recall the flavor and ethos of feudal Japan as it was rapidly disappearing. Included is a generous sampling of hand-tinted photos, colored by the countless numbers of wood-block artists displaced by the new medium that, ironically, often echoed its predecessor in subject and pose.

British Photographer Eric Hosking has spent the past 50 years and lost the use of an eye trying to photograph birds in their natural habitats. He freely acknowledges his monomania in **A Passion for Birds** (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 224 pages, \$25), a brilliant collection of pictures of everything from sparrows to the owl that attacked him. Charles Tunnicliffe is similarly passionate, and differs from Hosking only in his preferring pencil and paintbrush to the camera. His **Sketchbook of Birds** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 123 drawings, \$19.95) shows him to be a man with a naturalist's eye and an artist's soul.

One of the best known of 20th-century American artists, Edward Hopper, who died in 1967, is familiar to generations of gallerygoers for his pictures of stark New England scenery and lonely city streets. But even before he achieved fame, Hopper was known to thousands of magazine readers as an illustrator and printmaker.

Two new books show why. Gail Levin's **Edward Hopper as Illustrator** (Norton/The Whitney Museum of American Art, 288 pages, \$24.95) brings together the dramatic paintings and drawings Hopper executed for the covers of such publications as *Tavern Topics* and *Hotel Management*; as well as the illustrations he did for books and catalogues. Levin's companion volume, **Edward Hopper: The Complete Prints** (Norton/The Whitney Museum, unpaginated, \$15.95), reproduces more than 100 of the artist's etchings and dry prints.

"The real war will never get in the books," wrote Walt Whitman. In **Famous**



Laurence Olivier from *Snowdon: A Photographic Autobiography*

Land Battles: From Agincourt to the Six Day War (Little, Brown, 184 pages, \$17.50). Richard Humble, an English military historian, goes further than most of his fraternity to get it all in. Some of his vignettes of battle scenes—half-crazed English soldiers fighting naked at Agincourt, defeated German troops stumbling drunkenly from the First Marne—are as telling as his descriptions of the pettiness, vanity and incompetence of commanders and politicians. Together with an introductory section recapitulating ancient wars and a final chapter previewing the next land last. Humble incisively analyzes 18 great victories from the day of the longbow to the era of the missile. The book is superbly illustrated, with excellent battlefield maps.

Will Barnet has been making prints for nearly 50 years. His reputation as a formal virtuoso and innovator is now secure.

Will Barnet: 27 Master Prints (Abrams, 63 pages, \$12.50) offers a sampling of work done over the past decade and provides fresh evidence of the artist's versatility. His lithographs employ a broad palette of muted, pastel colors, while the serigraphs are built up from large blocks of flat, brilliant hues. For subjects, Barnet favors women and cats in stylized arrangements leaning toward abstraction. *Woman Reading*, perhaps his best-known work, achieves an almost hieroglyphic serenity.

The publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species* not only changed the way Victorians thought, it altered the way they saw.

Animals became part of the great chain of being and illustrators freshened their efforts to give birds and mammals moral characteristics. Perhaps the best and, ironically, the most obscure was Ernest Griset, whose influence can be seen in the works of such disparate artists as Beatrix Potter, creator of Peter Rabbit, and the whole phalanx of present-day New Yorker cartoonists. In **Ernest Griset** by Lionel Lambourne (Thames & Hudson, 88 pages, \$8.95), even hints of Miss Piggy can be seen in the antic portraits of hogs and frogs and owls. The result is a rare pictorial biography that shuttles between serious analysis and pure nonsense.

Humor, James Thurber observed, "is emotional chaos remembered in tranquillity." That at least seems to be the governing philosophy behind many of the cartoons in this year's collections. The best in this vein is Gahan Wilson's gently crafted **Nuts** (Marek, unpaginated, \$4.95), chronicles of growing up. "You who remember how great it was to be a little kid, gang, don't remember how it was to be a little kid," warns Wilson, whose intrepid, chunky comic-strip hero survives a series of boyhood crises. **Pilgrim's Regress**, edited

by Joel Wells (Thomas More Press, 127 pages, \$8.95), is a collection of cartoons both secular and otherworldly, selected from the pages of the liberal Catholic journal *The Critic*. Here a prim stewardess warns a passenger, "You can't read erotic books while we're in Irish air space," and two dour leprechauns, spotting a leprechaun bishop under a toadstool, observe, "So much for our carefree, puckish way of life." Funny fauna inhabit **Animals, Animals**, edited by George Booth, Gahan Wilson and Ron Wolin (Harper & Row, 241 pages, \$12.50), an old-fashioned chortle of a book. Next to a sign reading **DO NOT FEED THE BEARS** a smirking moose wears his own sign: **I AM NOT A BEAR**. Elephants stand around remembering "the Alamo," "the Maine," "Pearl Harbor" and a toga-clad pig solemnly inscribes a scroll under a sign that says "INKTHAY."

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DIAMOND COLLECTION 80

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Cinema



Kelly Reno rides his prized wild Arabian on a deserted beach in *The Black Stallion*

A Ride on a Dream Horse

THE BLACK STALLION Directed by Carroll Ballard

Screenplay by Melissa Mathison, Jeanne Rosenberg, William D. Wittliff

Watching *The Black Stallion* is like spending two hours with a stack of *National Geographic*. Director Carroll Ballard's adaptation of Walter Farley's boy-and-horse novel consists of one stunning view after another: coral seas, scarlet sunsets, moonlit landscapes, stormy skies. Almost every shot is suitable for framing, and Ballard prefers it that way. Whenever actors step into the frame, the director dismisses them quickly; he seems to feel that characters are intruders who come around only to mess up his pretty pictures.

Luckily for the audience, the film's early scenes do not focus on individual people. Ballard opens with pure spectacle, allowing his movie to get off to a rousing start. As the camera wanders around an exotic ship traveling near North Africa in 1946, there is mystery and sensuous excitement at every turn. In one corner of the ship, middle-aged adventurers silently play poker for a high-stakes pot of dazzling gems and religious icons. In another, a bizarre team of white-gowned Arabs zealously guards a shrieking black Arabian stallion. When a storm strikes late one night, the film provides a shipwreck of classic proportions. In a series of corrosive, lightning-quick cuts, Ballard does as much as a film maker can to capture the vertigo and horror of death by fire and drowning at sea.

Soon thereafter, *The Black Stallion's* real story begins, and so do the movie's

difficulties. The young hero Alec (Kelly Reno) and the black stallion, sole survivors of the wreck, are washed up on a deserted and terribly picturesque beach. There they carry out a lengthy and teasing courtship that manages to merge the sentimentality of *Lassie* with the homoeroticism of *Equus*. Alec and the stallion find food for each other, watch sunsets together and finally celebrate their relationship in a wild ride along the shore. Once the pair are rescued and reach Alec's small-town American home, the film's mystical aura evaporates completely. What follows is a rehash of *National Velvet*.

Now Ballard's sumptuous images exist only to distract from his rather conventional failings of craftsmanship. The ruse does not succeed. Though the freckle-faced Reno and Mickey Rooney (as the horse's crafty old trainer) are well cast, their scenes together are perfunctory and impersonal. Emotions are provided instead by a busy and overbearing musical score. The film's story begins to move in fits and starts. Except for the inevitable big race, it is not advanced visually but by bald snatches of voice-over dialogue. No doubt children in the audience will have a fine time anyway; they may even enjoy the film's prosaic conclusion more than its arty opening. Still, adults cannot be blamed if *The Black Stallion's* highly disappointing final stretch motivates them to take a trot.

—Frank Rich

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Cinema

Glum Gavotte

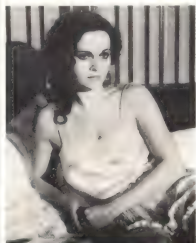
THE DIVINE NYMPH

Directed by Giuseppe Patroni Griffi
Screenplay by A. Valdarnini
and Giuseppe Patroni Griffi

Laura Antonelli is such a straightforward and cheerful girl, neither brazen nor falsely modest when called upon to shed her clothes, the high point, of course, of all her movies. So it seems a shame to place her in the lugubrious context of a picture like *The Divine Nymph*. The film is yet another period piece, this time set in Italy during the 1920s. One begins to wonder if the people who produce Antonelli's movies are under the impression that so lush a lady simply cannot be accepted in a contemporary context. Or it may be that her oddly innocent air prevents them from seeing her as representative of a more modern sexuality.

She is here involved with a pair of noble decadents. Terence Stamp plays the one who begins his affair with her imagining it will be yet another bored dalliance of the sort in which he specializes. He ends up so smitten that he resorts first to drugs, then to suicide in his despair over failing to gain possession of her. Marcello Mastroianni plays the one who ruined her when she was an adolescent, and still holds power over her.

The gavotte these three dance is a glum one, too stately in pace. Offstage, there are rumbles of Fascism's approach, and doubtless the message is that private preoccupations of the sort described here made Mussolini's triumph easy. But Director Griffi is more interested in art deco interiors than he is in that or any other theme. The result is an irritating and soporific film. Those in need of an Antonelli fix are advised to see *Till Marriage Do Us Part* a second time—at least it's funny about decadence. —R.S.



Laura Antonelli in *The Divine Nymph*
Neither brazen nor falsely modest.



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white rum & soda

Cinema



Lee Strasberg and Ruth Gordon as troubled husband and wife in *Boardwalk*

Clean Old Man

BOARDWALK

Directed by Stephen Verona
Screenplay by Stephen Verona
and Leigh Chapman

Boardwalk begins as an essay in the quotidian and ends as an exercise in symbolic gesturing of the least realistic sort. It is ineptly done in both modes.

Lee Strasberg is presented as an incredibly clean old man, much beset, yet al-

ways patient and cheerful. He is a Jew attempting to maintain the manner of life he has practiced for half a century in what has become a "transitional" neighborhood near Coney Island. Business is bad at his cafeteria, because his coreligionists are moving away, his beloved wife (Ruth Gordon) is dying, his middle-aging daughter (Janet Leigh in a part that makes one aware of time's flight) is about to enter into a second marriage that looks to be as disastrous as her first, and her grown son acts as if he has inherited her incapacity for reasonable relationships. In

short it looks like a long evening with the dismal problems of dreary people.

There is another element. Director Verona introduces a gang of (mainly) black juvenile delinquents, whom he insists on visualizing for us in the most studied fashion. Often they look like vengeful demons in some old-fashioned religious lithograph. They focus all their anger arbitrarily on the Strasberg character. They firebomb his restaurant, they beat him up on the boardwalk, they desecrate his synagogue and vandalize his home. Finally his anger flares. He confronts them and, in one of the most improbable sequences in recent movie history, strangles their leader to death, just as if Strasberg were Charles Bronson.

Of course, he is not. He is a tiny little old man, and his antagonist is a huge adolescent, with muscles so hard the sun seems to glint off them. Their confrontation is not meant to be taken naturalistically. Strasberg, in this moment, is a symbol of all Jews rejecting their roles as victims. His oppressor is intended to be a representative of anti-Semitism as a historical force. The whole business is ludicrous, a forcing of issues never meant to be contained in a movie that is basically a big bowl of chicken soup. *Boardwalk* means well, but that does not excuse its utter wretchedness of design and execution.

—Richard Schickel

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Education



The Kennedy girls with Speech Pathologists Alexa Roman (left) and Anne Koenke in 1977

Ginny and Gracie Go to School

Linguistic progress with the "idioglossia" twins

"Pinit, putahtraletungay" (Finish, potato salad hungry)

"Nis, Poto?" (This, Poto?)

"Liba Cabingoat, it" (Dear Cabengo, eat)

"Ja moq, Poto?" (Here more, Poto?)

"Ya" (Yeah)

For more than two years the chirpy little girls discussing potato salad so incomprehensibly in a language clinic at San Diego's Children's Hospital have been among the world's most celebrated twins. They have been tested and videotaped, charted phonetically, featured on television and offered contracts for the film rights to their curious story. Grace and Virginia Kennedy are now nine. The excitable, blue-eyed sisters called each other Poto and Cabengo, and sometimes Madame and Milady. For a while they were thought to be retarded. But at the same time they seemed to be speaking an original language. At the very least their exchanges were thought to represent the most developed form of idioglossia ever recorded in medical history.

Idioglossia is a phenomenon, badly documented at best, in which two individuals, often twins, develop a unique and private language with highly original vocabulary and syntax. It is commonly confused with a subcategory, "twin speech," a private collection of distorted words and idioms used by 40% of twins because they feel lonely or playful or both. Twins usually give it up at age three. But Gracie and Ginny were discovered at six, still unable to speak English. They had an apparent vocabulary

of hundreds of exotic words stuck together in Rube Goldberg sentence structures and salted with strange half-English and half-German phrases. The preposition out became an active verb: "I out the pudatoo-ta" (I throw out the potato salad). *Potato* could be said in 30 different ways. Linguists, speech pathologists and educators hoped the twins' private communication would offer a rare window into the mysteries of developing language: How is it balanced between genetically programmed neurological functions and environmental stimuli?

The twins arrived at the San Diego hospital in 1977 after proving too bright for schooling designed for the mentally retarded. Shy and uncommunicative when first tested at the language clinic, the two little girls would rush into the hallway to compare notes after each session. Their talk, Clinic Director Chris Hagen told TIME Correspondent James Willwerth, sounded "as if a tape recorder were turned on fast forward with an occasional understandable word jumping out."

Ginny and Gracie blossomed with therapy. "It was obvious these kids hadn't had much exposure to anything," recalls Speech-Language Pathologist Alexa Roman, who was assigned to Gracie. "They wanted attention." The twins were soon attending severe language disorder classes at nearby Beale Elementary School and clinical therapy sessions three times a week. Psycholinguists Richard Meier and Elissa Newport were brought in from the nearby University of California campus, to study and

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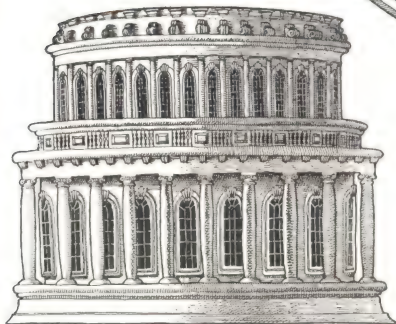
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Education

decode the girls' hyperspeed chatter.

It was all but unintelligible. The hospital decided to video-tape therapy sessions so linguists and speech pathologists could slow it down, then analyze at leisure the relationship between obvious garbles like "pintu" (pencil), "nieps" (knife) and "ho-anks" (orange) and real-life objects they apparently represented. Meier and Newport began laborious phonetic transcriptions to break the twins' dialogue down to traceable parts.

Romain and Speech Pathologist Anne Koenke, who was assigned to Ginny, meanwhile began to use "play situations" to build up the twins' limited English. The girls could not easily arrange syllables into understandable words. They spewed out what English words they had with a machine gun-like rapidity. Given modeling clay (which they pretended was potato salad), kitchen implements, dolls and dollhouses, the twins would play and the speech pathologists would ask questions. Where should the doll go? "Inhouse," Gracie might answer. "Oh, in the house," Romain would reply slowly. Single words were expanded to phrases, phrases to sentences. Romain and Koenke never directly corrected the twins. The girls seemed astonishingly innocent of the simplest childhood pleasures. They were totally baffled by a picture of a boy climbing a tree. The pathologists remember they provoked "exciting" language by taking the two outside to demonstrate tree climbing. After more than 100 hours of play were video-taped, Romain and Koenke learned the girls' private language. But when the speech pathologists used it, Ginny and Gracie refused to answer. "They'd appear not to understand," recalls Koenke, "or they'd just laugh."

Perhaps the girls have need to keep their secret world. Born in 1970 in Columbus, Ga., to Accountant Tom Kennedy, now 47, and Christine Kennedy, now 37, a German-born bookkeeper he met in a Munich dance hall during the *Fasching* festival, Gracie and Ginny suffered violent convulsions days after birth. Tests showed no brain damage, but the Kennedys claim that a Georgia neurosurgeon said it would be five years before the girls could be judged normal or retarded. Kennedy, who later lost his accounting job and moved the family to San Diego in hopes of selling real estate, was inclined to take the neurosurgeon literally. "A man of his standing," says Kennedy, "knows what he's talking about."

After moving to California, Ginny and Gracie were left to themselves or entrusted to their maternal grandmother, Paula Kunert, 76, a stern disciplinarian who spoke no English. They became frightened of strangers and dogs and stayed inside day after day, playing by themselves while their parents slept or sought work. The parents did notice something they considered "childish gibberish." Playing in the corner, Gracie, the



Ginny Kennedy bears down on her writing
Nearly 30 different words for potato.

dominant twin, would hold up an object and seem to give it a name. Ginny would respond. High-speed dialogue followed. "They could say simple words," Tom Kennedy remembers, "mostly like Indians would talk in the movies."

Whether it was developed from loneliness or as a rebellious game or was simply a neurological accident, the twins' private communication has turned out to be something less than a true invented language. Linguists Meier and Newport now call Gracie and Ginny's speech "deformed English." What had seemed to be a vocabulary of hundreds of new words, when slowed down and analyzed on tape recordings proved to be about 50 complex mispronounced words and phrases jammed together and said at high speed. There was also "substantial variation" every time the twins talked. Phonetic transcripts initially brought run-together phrases like "pink-telephone" and "let's-go-marketing" to the surface, and they finally traced most of Ginny and Gracie's speech to English and minor German influences. One initial mystery, "toolay-meia" (for spaghetti), turned out to be a corruption of *a sole mio*, the family way of referring to Italian pasta. A scattering of words like "nunukid," "pulana" and "padeng" (possibly pudding) still remain perplexing.



Gracie Kennedy concentrates on homework

But if the dominant linguistic view is that a private communication must be mostly original to be called a "language," anything spoken fluently is considered language or a "linguistic exercise." Clinic Chairman Hagen is convinced that the Kennedy case suggests there is a large psychological input in language development. Says Hagen: "They were in a somewhat sensory-deprived environment, but they didn't stop at a signal system. To me their private language represents strong evidence that man has a basic drive to communicate beyond minimal needs. Language evolves to do just that."

Gracie and Ginny now attend separate severe language disorder classes in the San Diego public school system. Put in different schools so they will not fall back to their private communication, they speak jerky, passable English. But they are woefully behind in social and emotional development. "I keep reading that they are so normal now," says Catherine Pope, Ginny's instructor at Rosa Elementary School. "It simply isn't true." Gracie can repeat a sentence "imbedded" with a clause and add numbers up to a total of five, sometimes higher. Both girls have motor-coordination problems. One of Ginny's teachers discovered that she lacks what Jean Piaget defines as "object permanence," the developmental stage in which a normal child, at about age two, learns to retain images he or she does not see. But for Ginny, out of sight is out of mind. Says Catherine Pope: "The other talk still comes through. I suspect she and Gracie still do it behind closed doors." The twins now register IQ scores of 80 (up from 50) and have mastered simple reading and mathematical skills. The question of whether their remarkable private communication might hide a superior intelligence short-circuited by emotional problems is still unanswered.

In a sparkling tract home in San Diego's east end, rented partly with day-rights money, the twins settle down at the kitchen table after school for a rapid-fire game of clipping magazine pages and scribbling. "Can-I-haf-pen?" Gracie asks a visitor. "Inna gonna write-on da walls," she hastily assures her parents, who are in the living room. The visitor asks if she remembers the old language. "Yes," Ginny replies quickly. "No, you don't!" interrupts Tom Kennedy from the front-room couch. "I don't know why you are lying about that!" Ginny reaches playfully for Gracie's pen. "Keep-you-hand-off-me," laughs Gracie. Tom Kennedy speaks again. "You live in a society, you've got to speak the language," he says. "They don't want to be associated as dummies now." Ginny turns to her visitor after glancing conspiratorially at her parents. "O.K.," she says quickly. "I'll-talk-about-it-if-you..." She holds a silencing finger to her mouth. "Shhhh!" She breaks into tinkling girlish laughter and goes back to scribbling in her magazine. ■

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Press



The spokesman taking questions at a State Department press briefing last month

A Diplomat on the Podium

Hodding Carter, the new voice of America

To many Americans, the coolest and most visible U.S. official throughout the tense Iranian crisis has been a man few of them had ever heard of: Hodding Carter III, the State Department's chief spokesman. Each day at noon, he has faced an obstreperous crowd of 100 or so reporters in Room 2118 of the department's headquarters, fully aware that a slip on his part could provoke tragedy in Tehran. Nearly every night a portion of his performance is replayed on the network news programs. Precise, articulate and diplomatic for the most part, Carter has nevertheless managed to convey official outrage at the seizure of the U.S. embassy. His undiplomatic term for the Iranian students: gangsters.

Carter, 44, has been Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs ever since Jimmy Carter (no kin) took office and is a favorite among the always skeptical Washington press corps. "He is the best guy I have seen in his job in 20 years," declares Boston *Globe* Columnist William Beecher.

Reporters admire the way Carter frankly admits it when he either does not know something or simply does not want to answer a question. They also appreciate his guarded guidance when they are on the right track but he cannot officially elaborate. "Read your own work," he may say, or "I don't have any trouble with that." Says Carter's boss, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance: "Hodding performs one of the most difficult tasks in Government with mastery. In Hodding's job the difference between the right word and the almost right word, as Mark Twain once said, is the difference between lightning and the lightning bug."

Carter clearly does not believe that diplomats must be stuffy, or even statesmanlike all the time. When Candidate John Connally accused the President of muzzling critics of his handling of the Iranian crisis, the spokesman replied: "Mr. Connally has never understood the nature of the presidency, and that's why he'll never be elected." When a journalist asked last week about Henry Kissinger's role in bringing the Shah to the U.S., Carter declined to comment on what he called a "sideshow," a devilish reference to William Shawcross's book of that name highly critical of Kissinger. Carter once flung a rubber chicken at one particularly querulous reporter. A gregarious partygoer who loves to sing and dance, Carter last year married Patricia Derian, 50, Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights, after divorcing his wife of 21 years.

Carter's father, Hodding Jr., was a distinguished Southern newspaper editor who, despite frequent threats, crusaded courageously against the Huey Long machine in Louisiana and for the civil rights of blacks in Mississippi. After majoring in international affairs at Princeton, young Hodding took over the family's *Delta Democrat-Times* in Greenville, Miss. He helped organize a biracial Democratic Party in Mississippi and led its successful fight to unseat the all-white regular delegation at the 1968 National Convention. He joined Jimmy Carter's campaign early in 1976 and now jokes: "I was chosen for this job either because I was a small-town editor, I was a brilliant writer, or I worked for Jimmy Carter. Obviously it was because I worked for Jimmy Carter."

Private Affairs

A columnist for the home front

A man is divorced and only then learns how to be a father. A woman goes to work and worries about failing as a mother. A man and a woman attain the same professional pinnacle; she rejoices in surpassed expectations, he mourns fallen dreams. Everywhere Boston *Globe* Columnist Ellen Goodman turns, grownups are suffering growing pains, and so is she: "It has begun to occur to me that life is a stage I'm going through."

Goodman's knowing explorations of change and its debilitating side effects have made her the sudden sensation of America's editorial pages. First syndicated in 1976, her twice-weekly column now appears in 207 papers, 45 of which have signed on this year. A collection of her pieces, *Close to Home* (Simon & Schuster: \$9.95), was published last month. The book's 109 selections show Goodman at her evenhanded best, a cool stream of sanity flowing through a minefield of public and private quandaries. "The thinking woman's Erma Bombeck," says an editor at the Los Angeles *Times*. Observes Boston *Globe* Editor Thomas Winship: "She's talking over the back fence to everybody in a very sophisticated, grownup way."

Goodman can raise a lump in the throat, writing movingly about a workaholic who dies at 51, a faded flower child of the '60s, or women who outlive their husbands. She can elicit a hearty chuckle



Ellen Goodman at home near Boston

"The thinking woman's Erma Bombeck."

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

Just Don't Quote Me

by recounting how she lavished "time, money, attention and great expectations on four of the only all-male zucchini plants to exist in the memory of my county Agricultural Extension Service." Her feminism is sharp but not strident. When the Supreme Court limited state-financed abortions, she imagined Justice Lewis Powell "barefoot and pregnant" and offered him "a slightly salted wafer to appease his morning sickness."

Goodman describes herself as "a 38-year-old woman, mother, vegetable gardener, failed jogger and expert on only one subject: the ambivalence of life." Her extended family shares "not only an area code but also a zip code" near her native Boston, and rarely does a week go by when she doesn't see some relation or other. Divorced and the mother of an eleven-year-old daughter, she is at her most eloquent when tackling subjects close to home. "The pleasure of being a parent," she wrote last year, "is the extraordinary experience of having short people who hang around a while, who change you as they change, who push and prod and aggravate and thrill you and make life fuller."

After graduating from Radcliffe in 1963, Goodman worked as a *Newsweek* researcher and later a *Detroit Free Press* reporter before joining the *Globe* as a feature writer in 1967. The *Globe* let her write a few opinion pieces and in 1972 made her a regular columnist, first in the Living section and then on the editorial page. Says Anne Wyman, the *Globe's* editorial-page editor: "At the beginning, I thought she was rather shrill. She's become much more thoughtful, much more serious, also much more compassionate." Goodman is not a columnist who strives for Delphic detachment. "You can't be an anonymous, amorphous 'voice of authority,'" she believes. "You have to establish a person who can be trusted, who is reasonable, who is honest." Her columns touch readers in a very personal way, like a reassuring squeeze of the hand, and at least 100 write her letters every week. Says Mary Jo Meade of Conway, Ark., editor of the *Log Cabin Democrat's Weekender* magazine: "She usually hits to the core of things, and folks just eat it alive. They say, 'All right!'"

Many columnists who draw on their own experiences find that the well quickly goes dry, but Goodman shows no sign of flagging. She recently completed a six-month stint as a guest commentator on NBC's *Today* show, and now is said to be a leading contender to replace Shana Alexander as half of the "Point-Counterpoint" team on CBS's *60 Minutes*. If she does, she insists, it won't be to joust with Conservative Columnist James Kilpatrick, as Alexander did. "Debate polarizes, and everything I've tried to do is the opposite—to find the connections, not the differences," says Goodman. "Besides, debate is black and white. I'm much more interested in gray."

Washington is full of names that make news and of news that is made anonymously by the very same people. This arrangement, convenient to all sides, can also be worrisome. Much of the punditry of Washington columnists and the daily run of informed content in newspapers, newsmagazines and on the air is based on anonymity. A Deep Throat may happen along only once in a decade, but in Washington a lot of shallow throats and wagging tongues are in action all the time.

Insiders get good at deciding who could have said what, particularly when anonymity operates by understood code names: a "senior State Department official aboard the Secretary's plane" used to mean Henry Kissinger, and now means Cyrus Vance. A diplomat or bureaucrat can privately get across his side of an argument, or an explanation of policy, while publicly stating his position in Saran Wrapped platitudes. Not wanting to be used, reporters constantly labor to get off-the-record statements put back on the record but must often settle for not-for-attribution ("You can use it, but don't pin it on me"). When mutual trust has been established—the one convinced he will not be misquoted, the other that he will not be misled—a lot of important information has become public.

The temptations to cheat with anonymous quotes are many, however, and skeptical readers invariably give them less weight. In the wrong reporter's hands, the use of anonymous quotes can be a lazy device, enabling him to imply that he has talked to a higher authority than he really has. At worst, without putting his own good name at risk, an official may be floating a trial balloon, scoring off a rival or planting wrong information. The bargain may seem an evenhanded one—my increased candor in exchange for your protecting my identity—but it isn't. A strange transference takes place: the responsibility for the authenticity of what is said shifts from the speaker to the person who prints and guarantees it. Editors can't live without the unnamed authority but aren't happy about depending on him.



An anonymous source on Kissinger's plane

The anonymous-quote disease is spreading to business reporting, where inside information is bound to be profitable to somebody. So when reporters are blocked by what they think to be a company's official evasions, they often seek the real dope from securities analysts and other market watchers, who follow an industry's doings with sharpened curiosity and considerable knowledge. But the danger and the injustice of using anonymous sources is well illustrated by a *New York Times* story of Nov. 14, about the appointment of John J. Nevin as the new president of Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. Earlier he had headed Zenith Radio Corp., the country's largest manufacturer of color television sets.

The choice of Nevin, the *Times* reported, "surprised many business analysts," though none are named. "They said he resigned last month as Zenith's chairman and chief executive officer under somewhat cloudy circumstances." Meaning what? "Observers of Zenith" (these same "many" unnamed analysts, presumably) "said Mr. Nevin had probably been asked to step down because the programs he introduced did not lead to the earnings gains many people had hoped for. Zenith, however, said that his decision to leave had been entirely his own." To make plain where the reporter's suspicions really lie, the *Times* caps the argument with this curious sentence: "Mr. Nevin's record is not unblemished," commented one Wall Street analyst."

What on earth does this sentence in a news story mean? Has Nevin been guilty of some other funny business that has not yet come to light, or has he simply not done well enough, or what? A flabby and unspecific accusation is anonymously made. There it lies on a page of the *New York Times*—unfair, unchallengeable, unproven.

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